



THEY FOUGHT FOR THE FATHERLAND

Reminiscences of the Korean War

1963

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EDITOR'S NOTES

It is already ten years since the termination of the Korean war.

It is common knowledge that the Korean war was unleashed by U.S. imperialism—the war- and aggression-monger and ringleader of international reaction.

On June 18, 1950, that is, one week before the start of the Korean war, the notorious Dulles closely inspected military installations and equipment in the areas along the 38th parallel, and gave his final sanction to the “north-bound expedition” plan in the trench.

At that time he instructed Syngman Rhee as follows: “The time is ripe. Start action against the North accompanied by a counter-propaganda that the North has invaded the South first... If you can but hold out for two weeks, everything will go on smoothly, for during this period the United States, by accusing North Korea of attacking South Korea, will compel the United Nations to take action in whose name land, naval and air forces would be mobilized.” (From the testimony of Kim Hyo Suk, the former Home Minister of the Syngman Rhee puppet government.)

Acting upon the instructions of their master—U.S. imperialism, the chief of staff of the South Korean puppet army issued Combat Order No. 29 on June 21 instructing

the commanders of the army units to "bring the units deployed at points No. 1, 2 and 3 into action simultaneously at 5:00 hours on June 25."

Thus, the U.S. imperialists had contrived to unleash a war in Korea. Losing no time, the U.S. imperialists directly took part in the war. On June 27, under the coercion of the U.S. imperialists the U.N. Security Council adopted an illegal resolution allowing the U.S. forces to take direct military actions. Prior to this, however, Truman officially gave orders to the U.S. air and naval forces to hurry to the Korean scene.

In starting the war, the U.S. imperialists entertained a vicious design to seize the whole territory of Korea at one stretch and, moreover, extend the flames of war to the Asian mainland.

The U.S. imperialists hurled into the Korean war one third of their army—more than 1.2 million effectives, one fifth of their air force and the greater part of their naval fleets. Besides, they mobilized the troops of their 15 satellite countries. They used all bestial means and methods of warfare unprecedented in history—indiscriminate bombing, use of chemical and bacteriological weapons, and so on.

The Korean people found themselves facing severe trials. They, however, rose up as one man in defence of the freedom and independence of their fatherland. They fought like a phoenix and won victory.

The war plans of the Pentagon came to grief and the U.S. imperialists were compelled to sign the Armistice Agreement, kneeling down at the very place from which they had jumped into the Korean war.

The myth of their "technical superiority," the story that the United States was the "strongest power" in the world and was "almighty," burst away like a soapbubble in Korea.

The former U.S. Secretary of Defence Marshall, too, could not but lament that the myth about U.S. strength had been exploded and that the United States had turned out not so strong a country as others had thought it to be.

The victory of the Korean people clearly showed that no force on earth can conquer a people who have risen in a just struggle in defence of the freedom and independence of their country and that gone for ever is the time when the imperialists could exploit and oppress the small, weak nations as they pleased.

The triumph of the Korean people in the Fatherland Liberation War represents a victory for the wise guidance and policy of the Workers' Party of Korea, a victory of the indestructible might of the entire people rallied rock-firm around the Central Committee of the Party headed by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

The war reminiscences of the combatants included in this book are a record of victory won by the fighters of the Korean People's Army and the people behind the lines who displayed such an unexampled heroism during the Fatherland Liberation War.



ALONG THE PATH OF VICTORY SHOWN BY MARSHAL KIM IL SUNG

Choi Hyun

The first thing that comes to my mind when recalling the operations the units of the People's Army carried out behind the enemy line during the Fatherland Liberation War, is how I was given by the Supreme Commander, Marshal Kim Il Sung, the mission of operations in the enemy's rear.

It was in November 1950 that our combined units got to Ryongrim sub-county, Jagang Province, having fought their way the enemy troops that had intruded into the North during the period of our strategic retreat.

I still vividly remember how deeply I was impressed when Comrade Supreme Commander received me during the period when the country was experiencing a stern ordeal.

Supreme Commander, who had learned from the senior adjutant that I would come to see him, had been awaiting my arrival in the courtyard and welcomed me heartily. He led me into the room, still holding me by the hand, and inquired after my health and asked me in detail about the health and life of the armymen.

He listened to my account of the organized evacua-

tion of our combined units, and, with a feeling of great satisfaction, told me:

“...It was very fine that you liberated the Yangyang, Kosung and Tongchun districts from enemy occupation and rescued many patriots and people while temporarily retreating under difficult conditions. Our divisions that had retreated in an organized manner had all fought well in defiance of difficult conditions.

“That is why the people, with a firm conviction in the victory of our People’s Army, are gallantly and unyieldingly fighting against the enemy, carrying on partisan warfare and underground activities everywhere in the enemy-held areas.”

Supreme Commander asked me if I had met any of the Chinese People’s Volunteers, and gave an exhaustive account of the noble internationalist aim and significance of the entry into the Korean war of the Chinese People’s Volunteers. Then he remarked in a serious tone: “...Now that they have come to aid us, we must fight more valiantly to prove ourselves to be worthy master of the country. This is necessary for winning final victory...”

At that moment I recalled what he used to tell us when we were waging an armed struggle against Japanese imperialism.

“...We derive great inspiration from the victorious socialist revolution in the Soviet Union. And we are fighting jointly, with the Chinese people against Japanese imperialism. We must not think even for a moment that we can carry out our own revolution by depending upon others. We must accomplish our revolution by ourselves.

“Herein lies the great significance of our anti-Japanese armed struggle.

“Only by doing so can we meet the forthcoming great event with full preparations, and carry out for ourselves democratic construction in our liberated fatherland...”

Telling us of all the objective conditions favourable for the victory of our revolution, he had educated us in the spirit of self-reliance that a nation should carry out its revolution for itself.

Listening to him that day, I, as before, took to heart the real meaning of his words.

That day, he told me in detail about the strategic line of the Party for the final victory in the war and gave me a new combat mission.

"You've just returned from the enemy rear, but here is a new difficult mission to be carried out behind the enemy lines. The Party has already decided to place you in command of the army corps now operating in the enemy's rear... As you know, Comrade Choi Hyun, operations behind the enemy lines are very important. Our planned operations in the enemy's rear are particularly important from the strategical point of view."

His words convinced me once again of my heavy responsibility and the deep confidence the Party placed in me.

Comrade Supreme Commander picked up a red pencil from the table, went towards the operational map and explained the Party's strategic line at the third stage of the war.

"At the third stage of the war, we should, on the one hand, thwart the enemy's offensive while encircling and crushing them and speedily drive the enemy down to the south of the 38th parallel by carrying on closely co-ordinated operations with the Chinese People's Volunteers. And, on the other hand, we should make all the necessary preparations for the final victory by reinforcing our forces and constantly putting the enemy forces out of action."

Comrade Supreme Commander then referred to the strength of the enemy and its deployment and reckless designs as follows:

“...The enemy is in great confusion here in the areas along the Chungchun River, on the shore of Jangjin Lake and in Chungjin, having sustained heavy blows during our first campaign and its offensive having been frustrated.

“The enemy has chosen the area along the Chungchun River as the main target of its offensive. The enemy has hurled into the area more than ten army divisions under the Eighth U.S. Army, its main force.

“The auxiliary targets of the enemy in its offensive are the central and eastern parts of the front.

“This is precisely what we had foreseen.

“The human butcher MacArthur is frantically preparing the so-called Christmas general offensive to seize the whole territory of the North before December 25.”

With these words, he laughed at the enemy's reckless scheme.

The words of Comrade Supreme Commander who was firmly trusting the might of our people and was confident of the ultimate victory imparted to me great strength and courage. He was looking far into the future and confidently making preparations for victory at that time when the enemy was making a show of power counting on its preponderant numerical strength.

What deeply convinced me of this was the scientific and foresighted plan of operations he had personally worked out.

“The western part of the front, as you see here, is the main target of our attack. When we surround and annihilate the main force of the enemy, the Eighth U.S. Army that has concentrated here (he explained pointing to the area along the Chungchun River), we will be able to crush it by cutting the whole enemy front into two, the western and the eastern. This will throw the whole

enemy line into confusion placing the enemy in a precarious position.

"On the other hand, we will be able to take prompt co-ordinated actions with our units operating in the enemy rear, by breaking through the western front..."

He continued, pointing with the red pencil to the eastern and central parts of the front:

"Our army units here, too, should immediately advance to Hamheung, beating back the enemy troops they meet on their way, and join forces to surround and annihilate the enemy. Thus we shall envelop the enemy also in the areas of auxiliary target of attack.

"In our counter-attack we should not only drive the enemy troops back but also smash them by siege in different parts."

Listening to him I gazed attentively at the operational map where red arrows formed a splendid ring around the enemy.

Comrade Supreme Commander regarded me with expressive eyes and explained in detail the mission of the units operating in the enemy's rear.

"At the early stage of the second campaign, the units operating at the back of the enemy should seize control of these highways linking Pyongyang with Kaesong, Pyongyang with Singe and Yangduk with Wonsan to strike at the fleeing enemy troops.

"The villainous enemy will desperately attempt to form an intermediary defence line along the 38th parallel with runaway troops and operational reserve units. In view of this, our units operating in the enemy's rear should control the 38th parallel without losing time, keeping step with our successful attacks, intercept and hit the enemy's reinforcements coming northward and thereby completely foil the enemy's attempt to form an intermediary defence."

I felt a high sense of responsibility, and the confidence that I could fulfil his orders elated me.

At every point indicated by red arrows on the operational map elaborated by him, I saw in my mind's eye in sharp contrast the ugly aspects of the falling enemy men and the happy faces of the liberated people.

Having finished talking about military operations, he asked me about the combat readiness of our combined units and expressed concern when he learned the soldiers were still in summer uniforms.

"In summer uniforms, they must be very cold. We've enough supplies, and I will see to it that the supplies are forwarded to you tomorrow.. And, by the way, is it possible for each soldier to take with him two extra winter uniforms when he leaves for the enemy's rear? I want to send as many winter uniforms as possible to the comrades now fighting behind the enemy lines. But for the present situation at the front, we would have sent them supplies preferentially..." He mused for a while, his expression growing dark.

He had valued his men more than gold since the anti-Japanese armed struggle. He was very much concerned about the soldiers fighting behind the enemy lines in summer uniforms.

He rang up and gave instructions on priority supply of goods to our combined units.

He advised me to draw on combat experiences gained in the anti-Japanese partisan struggle, in view of the fact that our units were to carry on partisan warfare for the most part behind the enemy lines. Deeply concerned, he gave me instructions on how to evacuate the wounded and maintain contacts with the Supreme Headquarters and on matters which had not yet occurred to me, the man in command of the units.

Listening to him so attentively, I did not notice the sun had set and it was getting dark. I was excited over

the new mission and was filled with a sense of responsibility when I recalled his words back at my billet.

On the following day I attended a meeting of commanders and political commissars of the combined units of the Korean People's Army.

At the meeting, Comrade Supreme Commander made a report on the "Results of the Fighting in the Four Months of the Fatherland Liberation War and the Future Tasks."

In his report, he made a scientific analysis of the operations in the first four months of the Fatherland Liberation War on the basis of the military theory of Marxism-Leninism and expounded the strategic and tactical line of the Party. Each word of his speech convinced us all the more deeply of the need of holding fast to the Party stand under any circumstances and helped us to widen the ken of strategic and tactical knowledge.

He again stressed the importance of the operations in the enemy's rear and referred to the assignment of one more army corps for the purpose.

I fell to musing on my way back from the meeting: "Crushing blows will be administered to the enemy and the period of stern ordeal for the country will soon be past. The Party's strategic line and the ways of its implementation assure us victory. As he said, we must fight more valorously to be worthy master of our revolution and creditably fulfil the combat mission the Party has assigned."

My heart was already full of the thoughts of the future operations in the enemy's rear. Soldiers of our unit all had the same feeling. The news of our new, weighty assignment aroused immense joy among the men and officers of our combined units.

As a matter of fact, they did not have enough time to rest after the fatigue of the arduous retreat. But they

immediately set out, with fresh strength and pride, on the march to the enemy's rear.

Our combined units reached Karyujoo-ri behind the enemy lines in a few days, where we met the soldiers who had been fighting. They were very glad to meet us. The soldiers were moved to tears when they received the winter uniforms from Comrade Supreme Commander, which our combined units had brought.

Inspired by the confidence and deep concern the Party and the leader had shown, men and officers renewed their resolve to live up to the expectations of Comrade Supreme Commander.

The correct strategic line and the scientific and forward-looking plans of operations worked out by the Supreme Commander enabled us to win victory in the arduous, difficult operations in the enemy's rear.

Looking back on those days of operations in the rear of the enemy, I will now describe how his fore-sighted plans of operations were realized.

I see in my mind's eye the vast theatre of operation where our units in the enemy's rear carried on activities during the first and second campaigns of the third stage. The theatre covered vast areas of Yungpyung and Kapvung of Kyunggi Province; Choonchun, Hongchun, Yanggoo and Rinje of South Kangwon Province; Keumhwa, Hoiyang, Tongchun and Kosan of Kangwon Province; Majun-ri, Yangduk, Sungchun and Kangdong of South Pyungan Province; Singe, Koksan, Tosan and Keumchun of North Hwanghai Province.

Our units operating in the enemy's rear smashed the enemy in these areas and liberated our towns and villages from the temporary occupation of enemy troops.

Our army units operating in the enemy's rear rescued tens of thousands of patriotic people from the jaws of death and saved their property from ruin and pillage.

Among the rescued were some 300 people in Sungchun County seat and some 300 men and women whom the enemy had detained in the pit of the Holdong Mine. Our army units also rehabilitated local Party organizations and government bodies in the liberated areas.

Had not the Party and leader ordered the People's Army units to carry on operations behind the enemy lines in those days of strategic retreat, many patriotic people awaiting rescue might have perished at the hands of the enemy.

In the meantime, our army units operating behind the enemy lines, acting upon the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander, harassed and cut off the enemy's rear and did not allow the enemy to set foot in the areas along the 38th parallel.

Take for instance the Majun-ri battle where our army units cut off the enemy's rear and inflicted heavy casualties upon the enemy troops.

The enemy deployed two reinforced regiments of the U.S. army supported by artillery and air force in the Majun-ri area lying between the Masik-ryung ridge and Ahobiryung ridge, with the aim of keeping under its control the highway linking Yangduk with Wonsan, an important transport route for the front.

The enemy had built defence positions and an air field there.

The units of our army corps, whose mission was to annihilate the Yankee soldiers in the area, conducted closely co-ordinated operations to cut off the roads linking Majun-ri with Ichun, Majun-ri with Wonsan and Majun-ri with Yangduk, and encircled the enemy troops. Attacking from ambush and making incessant raids under cover of night, our army units pounded the enemy.

The enemy, seized with fear of death from the first, finally took to flight.

In early November 1950, some 140 officers of the U.S. army in seven lorries left the area for Ichun in the hope of escaping death. They fell into our ambush. The lorries with the officers on board were brought under fire, and not a single man survived.

Now the enemy grew more desperate in its attempt to get away from the siege.

But with each attempt to escape, it encountered the valiant assaults of our armymen and suffered heavy casualties.

The defeat of the Yankee soldiers in the Majun-ri area compelled the "MacArthur Headquarters" in Japan to take "emergency measures."

The U.S. army transferred its troops in Wonsan to Majun-ri, talking about "starting offensive against the communist army in Majun-ri."

A pack of wolves backed by scores of tanks and war planes reached the foot of Masik-ryung ridge.

For fear of our ambuscades, they turned the neighbouring heights into a sea of flames before going up the ridge.

Our armymen had to fight hard battles against the numerically superior and technically better-equipped enemy troops. Our army units, holding advantageous positions extending from the mid-slope to the peak of the ridge, made surprise attacks, mowing down and holding in check the Yankee invaders.

In the end, "MacArthur Headquarters," still more perturbed, decided to hurl in the 25th U.S. Division, then operating in the Kaesong area, in an attempt to rescue the besieged American troops in Majun-ri. The enemy reinforcements fell into an ambush and met with assaults of our armymen in the area of Ichun, several hundred ri away from Majun-ri. As a result, they suffered a devastating defeat. The besieged Yankee hordes in Majun-ri

were laid out and the enemy transport route between Yangduk and Wonsan was completely cut off.

Carrying on brisk operations in the vast areas, our army units in the enemy's rear foiled the enemy's wild plans in many places.

Just as Comrade Supreme Commander foresaw, the enemy sent its operational reserve units to the important points along the 38th parallel—Choonchun, Chulwon, Ryunchun, Ichun, Pyunggang and Keumhwa—in order to fortify its rear bases and build an intermediary defence line along the 38th parallel, with these points as the centre, in the event of the retreat of its main force.

Our army units in the enemy's rear worked out an exhaustive plan of operations to forestall the enemy and thereby fully carry out the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander. They started action without delay.

In mid-November 1950, there were over 5,000 of the cannon fodder of U.S. imperialism in Choonchun—units of the 2nd Division of the puppet South Korean army, the so-called "Hankook guerilla force" and "special police defence unit." The enemy also had a force of more than 600 men in Kapyung.

A combined unit of our corps sent out two regiments to Choonchun and one regiment to Kapyung to attack the enemy troops there simultaneously. The troops attacking Kapyung started action.

The enemy in Choonchun sent reinforcements to rescue their fellow soldiers in Kapyung. For the enemy's loss of Kapyung meant the cutting of the supply route from Seoul.

Our units, waiting for the big enemy force to move from Choonchun to Kapyung, surprised the town of Choonchun. Taken aback, the enemy troops turned and started back to Choonchun.

Our units lost no time to liberate Kapyung at a

stroke and attacked from the rear the enemy troops returning to Choonchun.

The partisan tactics of "luring the enemy to the east and attacking it from the west"—a tactics employed in the days of the anti-Japanese partisan warfare—enabled us to smash the enemy.

Our army units in the enemy's rear, employing a variety of partisan tactics worked out by Comrade Kim Il Sung in the days of the anti-Japanese partisan warfare, liberated Chulwon three times from enemy occupation.

We won brilliant victories in the battles for liberating other important points along the 38th parallel. In those days, the situation on the front line had taken a sudden turn in our favour.

The main force of our army, in accordance with the strategic line of the Party, frustrated the enemy's reckless "Christmas general offensive" and started counter-offensive.

The situation compelled the enemy to begin general retreat from December 1, starting from the western part of the front.

As Comrade Supreme Commander had foreseen, the enemy lost balance all along the front line, on account of the breaking of contacts between the eastern and western parts of the front, and began to take to flight in a disorderly manner.

When I learned the news, I recalled in all its vividness the confidence Comrade Supreme Commander had expressed, laughing at the enemy's wild design, on the day he received me.

"His plan will surely work and the enemy will suffer total defeat," I said to myself.

When the enemy began to retreat, Comrade Supreme Commander instructed me to reinforce our troops on the roads in the west, the main route of retreat for the main force of the enemy. Acting upon his orders, at once I rear-

ranged the deployment of the units and laid ambushes along the enemy route of retreat.

Battle for liberation of Pyongyang deserves particular mention when speaking of the operations the units in the enemy's rear carried on during the second campaign of the third stage.

The battle was fought by our neighbouring combined units operating in the enemy's rear.

The combined units, which had the glorious combat mission of liberating Pyongyang, left Kangdong and Sungchun, the theatre of its operations, and pushed its way in three directions of Moranbong, Mirim and Heukkyo.

The enemy, who had temporarily occupied and desecrated our democratic capital, Pyongyang, built positions on the bank of the Daidong in its desperate attempt to check the attack of the combined units. The enemy, far from stopping the assault of the units, failed to offer any resistance and suffered devastating defeat.

Dawn of December 6, 1950. Bugle call signalled the general offensive. The combined units, shouting hurrah, rushed into the city and purged the city of the remnants of the defeated enemy troops.

The national flag of the D.P.R.K. was put up over the building of the Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly. The democratic capital of the country, Pyongyang, was liberated.

The enemy became more hasty in retreating after the liberation of Pyongyang. Our army units operating in the vast areas in the enemy's rear rendered it impossible for the enemy troops to put up defense in any part of North Korea.

This fact convinced me once again of the correct strategic line worked out by Comrade Supreme Commander who, looking far into the future and with foresight, sent out army units for operation in the enemy's rear.

The main force of the enemy, now without any place to set foot in the areas of North Korea, tried to withdraw to their den.

The remnants of the defeated enemy troops hurriedly began retreating southwards, only to be caught in the net our units in the enemy rear had set.

Our units keeping their eyes on the route of retreat of the enemy troops in the areas of Sooan and Koksan, assaulted by surprise and crushed nearly all the retreating enemy men on the highway between Pyongyang and S'inge.

A remnant U.S. unit, a division strong, of the enemy main force which had suffered a crushing defeat in the area of Dukchun was spotted moving along the highway leading to Wonsan from Yangduk. It was heading for Wonsan to run away by sea. Our units holding control of the Majun-ri area in the enemy rear forced the retreating Yankee troops into the valleys in Majun-ri to besiege and mercilessly wipe them out. The besieged enemy troops, under cover of their air force, made a desperate attempt to get out of the encirclement and head for Wonsan.

The wilder the enemy troops became, the heavier blows of revenge our units dealt to them, killing nearly all of them. The surviving enemy men were chased by our units, which later liberated the city of Wonsan completely. In this way, in different areas in the enemy rear, our units delivered blows of revenge to the retreating enemy troops.

Alarmed, "MacArthur Headquarters" threw into action all the operational reserve units in the hope of rescuing the defeated units of its army.

The plan did not work.

The British 29th Brigade and the 5th Division of the puppet South Korean army advancing towards the Kae-song area were held in check after they suffered telling

blows in the vicinity of Keumchun and Kaesong. In the areas of Chulwon and Keumhwa, staggering blows were delivered to the units of the 3rd Corps of the puppet South Korean army.

Acting upon the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander, we blocked the enemy's retreat on the western front and pounded the retreating remnants of the defeated enemy troops.

The battles along the line linking Sibyun-ri with Ichun and in Junkok-ri were spectacular ones fought by our ambuscades.

Our units in the enemy rear cut off the highway between Singe and Kaesong and smashed one by one the remnant units of the enemy.

The panic-stricken enemy stampeded and took to flight along the road linking Singe with Sibyun-ri.

It was around December 10, I remember.

Some 4,000 men of the U.S. army and the puppet South Korean army came across the natural barrier of the Rimjin River while fleeing in the direction of Sibyun-ri. They had burned and destroyed their lorries and guns and prepared to cross the river, taking with them rifles only.

Having seen through the enemy's intention, units of our corps laid traps in ambush in the areas of Ichun-Sibyunri-Sangwon-Namchun for the retreating enemy troops.

The enemy troops in disorder jumped into the river covered with thin ice, eager to escape death, unaware, of course, of what was awaiting them.

A volley of fire of our units was a bolt from the blue for enemy soldiers, who had no time to fire their rifles. In the meantime, those on the shore thrown into a panic, ran hither and thither and finally they, too, were all mowed down.

Caught in our net also were high-ranking officers, besides the mercenaries of U.S. imperialism.

One mid-December day, I received a report on combat action, which read as follows:

“..A mine-laying group led by Choi Jong Woon, leader of an engineer platoon, laid anti-tank mines on the road in the area of Junkok-ri, Ryunchun county, and hid in ambush. Presently, one enemy car and seven trucks preceded by a tank approached and hit the mine field. The tank and trucks were blown up. Our ambuscades threw handgrenades to kill those who survived.”

These enemy men killed were identified as the then commander of the Eighth U.S. Army, Walker, (concurrently commander of the enemy forces on the Korean front) and some 80 of his men. The U.S. commander was there directing the retreat of his units.

Walker, the chieftain of the murderers who had zealously told his men, “your hands must not tremble even when children or the aged are before you,” paid due price for the ruthless massacre of the Korean people.

It is widely known that during the first stage of the war the commander of the U.S. 24th Division, Dean (concurrently commander of the enemy forces on the Korean front), was taken prisoner in soldier’s uniform into which he, panic-stricken, had changed after his defeat in the Taejon battle.

Walker, who had taken over the post of the losing general, Dean, was unable to save his dirty life.

The doom of these two leading murderers serves to show clearly how the U.S. aggressive army which had been boasting of its “mightiness” was defeated at the hands of the young Korean People’s Army.

This big enveloping operation carried out in accordance with the forward-looking plan of operations Comrade Supreme Commander mapped out for the second

campaign at the third stage of the war, was planned so correctly and in a scientific manner that our armymen always said jokingly that the Yankee soldiers seemed to be conducting themselves upon the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander.

In this operation our corps killed, wounded and captured more than 11,000 enemy men. Among the killed was the arch murderer Walker.

This was our great victory won by faithfully putting into effect the instructions of Comrade Supreme Commander to cut off enemy's retreats, lay soldiers in ambush and stage surprise raids in different areas for annihilation of the enemy.

It happened one day when the second campaign at the third stage was nearing conclusion. I was visited by Comrade Kim Chang Man at the Headquarters of our corps. He had broken through the strict enemy cordon to reach our Headquarters in the enemy's rear.

No sooner had I greeted him than he handed me a directive of Comrade Supreme Commander.

The directive made an analysis of the prevailing war and political situation and the enemy's plan and, referring to the third campaign that would shortly be launched, instructed the units of our corps as follows:

"...Immediately advance to the areas south of the Bookhan River to cut off the enemy transport routes between Taegu and Seoul, between Taegu and Choonchun and between Pohang and Yangyang... Attack big enemy units and their headquarters and create confusion in the enemy's commanding system... Launch active operations to crush the aggressive army of U.S. imperialism and thereby strike terror into the hearts of the enemy, and for the fulfilment of the mission of liberating vast areas, rearrange the disposition of troops..."

The directive contained detailed instructions as to the areas into which the combined units of our corps had to ad-

vance. Reading the directive, I was as deeply struck as when I first received the orders on operations in the enemy's rear. It seemed as if I were at his side, and this feeling made me happy. I reflected on what he had told me on that day—war and political situation prevailing at that time and the aggressive design of the enemy. I appreciated once again his wise plan.

...The U.S. imperialists were making every conceivable desperate attempt to make up for their crushing military and political defeats. They had forcibly conscripted and sent to the front the South Koreans from 16 to 45 years old, and in their own country they proclaimed "state of national emergency" and expanded their aggressive armed forces. Moreover, they hurled into the Korean front fresh troops from their satellite countries of Canada, New Zealand, Belgium and Luxemburg.

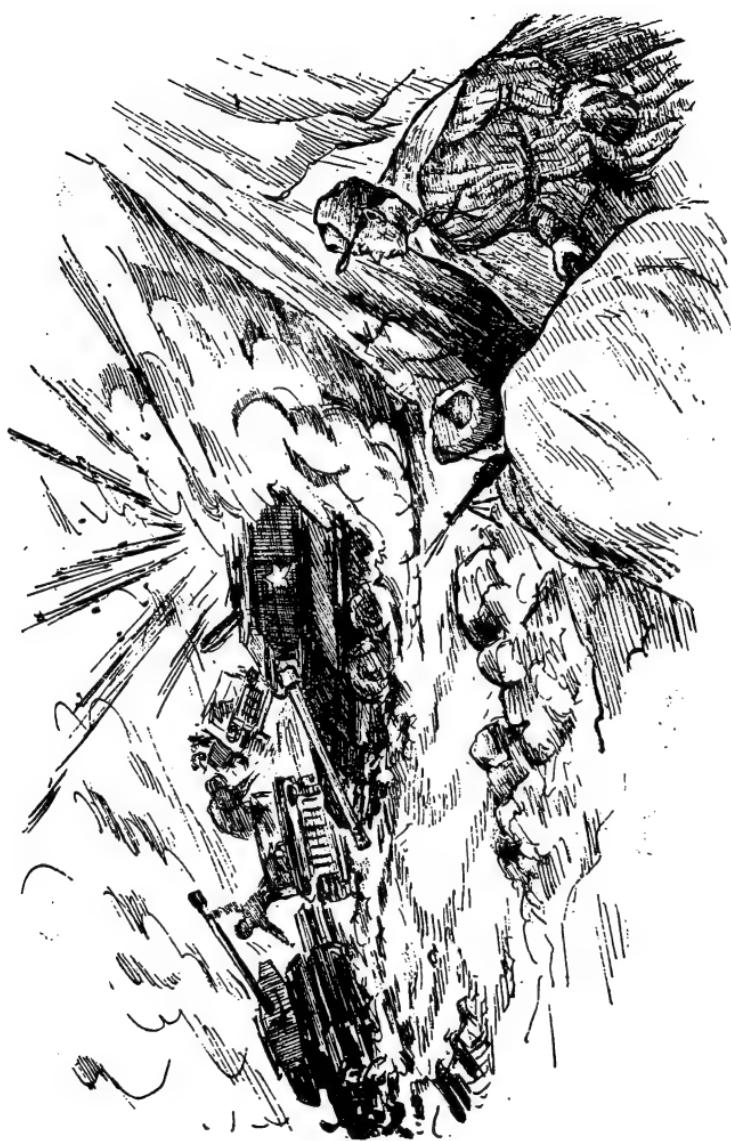
The U.S. imperialists were busy building defence positions deep in their rear—in the areas between the 37th and 38th parallels where they had deployed 16 army divisions consisting of their mercenaries conscripted at the point of the bayonet.

In those days, however, the enemy had weak points it could hardly overcome. Its troops consisted of the forcibly drafted recruits and the remnants of the defeated units who, having suffered terrible blows at the hands of the Korean People's Army, had become soulless.

Their morale was therefore extremely low, and it had not yet built a strong defence position.

Comrade Supreme Commander, having made a thorough analysis of the sinister design and weak points of the enemy, had planned to inflict heavy blows one after the other on the enemy, not giving it a respite.

He dispatched two army corps which had experiences in operating behind the enemy lines deep into the enemy's rear in the eastern and central parts of the front, instruct-



ing them to harass the enemy rear and disperse the enemy defensive forces. He also planned to send, in conjunction with this, the main force of our army to the central and western parts of the front on an offensive for enveloping and destroying the enemy. In this campaign, too, the units operating at the back of the enemy had weighty mission to fulfil.

As a matter of fact, operations in the enemy rear in this campaign would be more difficult. From the operational point of view, first we had to break through the front where the enemy main force was deployed and then carry on operations deep in the enemy rear, whereas during the second campaign we had fought at the enemy's back where it was not easy for the enemy main force to do anything against us.

We had, therefore, to fight difficult battles at all times against big enemy units.

Our armymen, who had seen for themselves how well-advised the plan of operations mapped out by Comrade Supreme Commander was and had acquired rich experience in partisan tactics and partisan warfare while carrying on operations in the enemy rear, were fully determined to overcome any and every difficulty to meet the expectations of the Party and the leader.

Our corps set out on a long expedition to implement the mission Comrade Supreme Commander had personally given. It was ten days prior to the start of the third campaign.

The expedition had, from the beginning, to fight arduous battles. We had to break through the strict cordon of the enemy in order to go deep into the enemy rear. Battles were fierce from the start.

Units of the 6th, 7th and 8th Divisions of the puppet South Korean army, under cover of artillery and the air force, tried hard to intercept our march.

I ordered to make a few breaches in the enemy line for the units of our corps to pass.

The enemy had built solid bunkers on Height 602.6 five kilometres southeast of Choogok-ri, blocking the roads our units were to pass.

To smash the enemy bunkers and take the height was essential for ensuring the advance of the main force of our corps.

It was at the dawn of December 25, I remember. I received through the phone a report to the effect that Height 602.6 had been taken.

Overjoyed, I asked who had smashed the bunkers. The man on the other end of the wire told me in an excited tone that platoon leader Kim Chang Kul and squad leader Kim Ok Kun had blocked the enemy embrasures with their bodies.

The platoon led by Kim Chang Kul, which was given the mission of smashing the enemy bunkers on Height 602.6, set out for an attack under cover of night. Soldiers of the platoon stealthily moved forward against the raging snow storm and through a rain of bullets and shells.

The platoon was 50 metres away from the bunkers when the enemy concentrated fire to intercept it. Platoon leader Kim Chang Kul told his men to take shelter from the enemy fire and dashed at an enemy bunker like a flying tiger, shouting "Long live the Workers' Party of Korea!" and "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" He blocked the embrasure with his own body to silence the gun.

At about the same time, squad leader Kim Ok Kun blocked another enemy embrasure with his own body. As soon as the guns were silenced, the soldiers charged, laid out the enemy men and took the hill on which they hoisted the national flag of the D.P.R.K.

Heroes of the D.P.R.K. Kim Chang Kul and Kim Ok Kun fulfilled the lofty revolutionary mission given by the

Party, laying down their lives at the most critical and urgent moment. Their immortal exploits paved the way for the advance of the main force of our corps.

Units of our corps penetrated deep into the enemy rear to fight more difficult battles. They had to secure food, arms, munitions and clothes while fighting the reinforced enemy units. They would march all night covering more than 40 kilometres to hit the concentrated enemy troops.

It was particularly difficult to obtain food while fighting the enemy. As often as not food would run out.

We would not, however, approach the people with the demand for food. We kept in mind Comrade Supreme Commander's instructions that we should protect the lives and property of the people and refrain from giving them any trouble.

On no small number of occasions rice was not available for several days when we were fighting hard battles.

With our shoes worn out, we more than once wrapped our feet with cloth, and fought battles in blizzards and the biting cold.

The germ spread by the bestial enemy caused epidemics among our soldiers. The difficulties we experienced in those days are beyond description.

But we did not succumb to difficulties. We took the initiative in battles at all times, knocking out the enemy. Our soldiers derived invincible strength from the constant concern and encouragement of Comrade Supreme Commander.

I still vividly remember how deeply I was struck when, one snowy day in early January 1951, I received an order of greeting from Comrade Supreme Commander while on the long expedition.

It read in part:

"...I express thanks to the entire men and officers of the 2nd Corps who, having crossed the 38th parallel, continue to fight valiantly annihilating the enemy, and hope that you will continue to successfully carry out my orders to win victory for the Korean people at an early date..."

We in the enemy rear were immensely happy when we were so highly praised. We renewed our intense loyalty to Comrade Supreme Commander who always placed confidence in us and led our struggle to victory.

His words of greeting fortified our strength and conviction that we would courageously overcome any and every difficulty and defeat the enemy.

The combined units of our corps penetrated deep into the enemy rear, fighting more fiercely than a furious lion. Bearing in mind Comrade Supreme Commander's instructions that we should annihilate the enemy in whatever form of battle, we smashed enemy defence positions by extensively employing the detouring, out-flanking and enveloping operations or lured the pursuing enemy troops into the areas strategically advantageous to us and attacked them by surprise or entrapped them by ambuscading.

We commanding officers always bore in mind the words of Comrade Supreme Commander that one of the important conditions for victorious operations is to judge and grasp in time and correctly the crafty strategic-tactical plans of the enemy and take the initiative.

Trenches were constructed not in the ordinary manner of forming a straight line but were constructed on the summit to cover a wide area that the roundabout routes and trenches for communication were constructed on the slope of the other side of the height. From this it was apparent that the enemy was planning to place our attacking units under fire from all sides.

To counter the enemy plan, we started offensive from different points, isolated one by one the enemy defence units from each other, making it impossible for the enemy to rally its retreating units and paralysing the enemy's unified commanding system.

We grasped in good time the sinister, crafty plan of the enemy in its defence disposition. The U.S. imperialist aggressors deployed the main force in front of the defence line and small force in the depth of defence line and in the rear. They had mobile units deep in their rear so as to bring them into action in case the forward units faced danger.

Part of our troops launched frontal attack while the remaining troops made a surprise attack on the main force of the attacking enemy troops from its rear and cut off their route. Consequently, we could surround and destroy at a stroke the enemy troops in the front of the defence line.

The tactics we employed were all ever-victorious ones worked out by Marshal Kim Il Sung at the time of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

We fought valiantly in accordance with the scientific plans of campaign he had mapped out. Our units operating in the enemy rear attacked Hongchun, Hwoingsung, Wonjoo, Pyungchang, Danyang, Yungjoo and other strongholds of the enemy, and one of the combined units of our corps advanced as far down as the Andong, Chungsong and Pohang areas to carry on operations, strengthening the kindred ties with the people.

Major battles during this campaign were those at Wonjoo, Hongchun and Jookryung-Poongki areas.

January 8, 1951.

Remnants of the U.S. 27th Division that had barely escaped after being dealt devastating blows in the Choonchun area at the hands of our units in the enemy rear, were getting reinforcements at Wonjoo.

One of the combined units of our corps and a combined unit of the corps operating in the adjacent area jointly conducted a surprise attack on Wonjoo.

Our units that started operations on the evening of January 8 stealthily began to encircle Wonjoo from the west and east.

The enemy troops—more than 2,000 Yankee soldiers—had built a circular defence line with the town of Wonjoo as the centre.

Our army units launched an attack on the evening of January 9. At about 02:00 hours an assaulting party broke into the town of Wonjoo and occupied the designated position. Simultaneously the main force of our units started a frontal attack from right and left sides.

The Yankees were utterly confused. Our army units rained fire on the enemy, cutting off its retreat in a few minutes and burning more than 90 of its lorries. We also destroyed large quantities of enemy material for mobile operations, arms and munitions stored in front of the railway station. Pandemonium reigned in the enemy position. The Yankees had no time to offer resistance before they were mopped up and the surviving ones took to flight. In this battle our army units killed, wounded and captured more than 1,000 enemy men. For our part, we did not lose a single man.

One of the combined units of our corps liberated Yungjoo in mid-January 1951 and checked the enemy in that area.

Then units of the U.S. 7th Division with scores of tanks in the van left Danyang and Keumok-ri for Poongki to attack our army units.

Our army units, having seen through the enemy design, planned to annihilate the enemy in the Jookryung-Poongki area.

We sent out details to lure the enemy troops into the gorge of Jookryung.

Our units which had already moved to the back of the enemy inflicted blows on the encircled enemy troops. The enemy, under cover of aircraft and tanks, made desperate attempts to get out of the tight corner, but in vain. Our units continuously delivered flanking blows annihilating the enemy troops.

Throughout the campaign our units delivered crushing blows at ten enemy divisions—U.S. 7th, 27th, 2nd and 3rd divisions and the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th divisions of the puppet South Korean army.

Being forced to put into action so many troops, the enemy had no alternative but to disperse along the western and eastern fronts its units which had been deployed deep in the rear for defence purpose.

Our units in the enemy rear cut off and paralysed the transport routes between Taegu and Seoul, between Taegu and Choonchun, between Taegu and Pohang and between Pohang and Yangyang, creating confusion for the enemy.

This was the chief strategic aim for which Comrade Supreme Commander sent two of the army corps deep into the enemy rear prior to the counter-offensive of the main force of the People's Army.

Our units in the enemy rear splendidly put into practice the plan of Comrade Supreme Commander. The main force of our army that had started offensive in the western and central parts of the front liberated Seoul at a stroke and extended its control as far southward as Soowon.

In this way, units of our People's Army, in accordance with the plan of campaign worked out by Comrade Supreme Commander, liberated the vast areas north of the 37th parallel and smashed to smithereens the enemy's absurd plan to hold to the areas along the 38th parallel and rally its force for a big-scale offensive.

Our corps had thus creditably fulfilled the mission of operations in the enemy rear, the mission given by the

Party and the leader, and went over to the fourth campaign.

Whenever I recall the days of our operations in the enemy rear—those days when, having equipped ourselves with the weapons and clothes captured from the enemy, we fought, marching over untrodden steep ridges of the Taibaik Mountains in raging snow storms, marching over the ice-bound Bookhan, Namhan and Joochun rivers, I remember many soldiers who heroically fought laying down their lives for the accomplishment of the revolutionary tasks the Party and the leader had given them.

I can hardly say, when speaking of our men, one was more valorous and more gallant than others. Our men were all heroes; sons and daughters of the Korean people, they were always faithful to the Party and the leader. Their immortal exploits in the arduous battles in the enemy rear will shine forever together with the history of the fatherland and live for all time in the hearts of the entire Korean people and men and officers of the People's Army.

We had always been victorious in the arduous months of operations behind the enemy lines following the path of victory the leader had shown us.

The path shown by him leads us to victory and glory.

There will be neither unsurmountable difficulty nor unconquerable fortress for us when we march forward following the path of victory he has shown us, just as the sunflower follows the sun.

We will continue to march ahead along the path of victory the Party and the leader show us and will certainly achieve the final goal of the Korean revolution.



REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLE ON HEIGHT 1,211

Choi Hyun

It has been ten years since the heroic battle on Height 1,211. But, never shall I forget, even for a moment, those days of incessant severe battles.

It was in those days that our brave men on the Height who are worth their weight in gold adhered to the last to the important strategic line laid down by the Party. They did not budge even a step and tore to pieces the myth of "world's mightiest," the old ware the U.S. imperialists hawked so long.

No wonder then the world people now call the Height a height of heroes, a height which symbolizes the dauntless spirit of the Korean people and the men and officers of the Korean People's Army.

Marshal Kim Il Sung, our beloved leader, personally organized and led the battle on Height 1,211.

During the battle on Height 1,211, I, who had participated in the partisan struggle against the Japanese imperialists in days gone by under the direct leadership of Marshal Kim Il Sung, served as commander of an army corps again under him, the Supreme Commander. I take a great pride in the fact that I fought under his command.

More, it does bolster my firm belief that no enemy is invincible if we follow the Marshal's instructions.

It was one night in late September 1951. The battle on Height 1,211 was raging with a full fury. The night was far advanced. Suddenly the telephone rang with a piercing sound and I hurriedly picked up the receiver. My heart skipped a beat. I wondered who it could be. Perhaps, there was a change on the front?

But, to my surprise, the voice on the phone was a familiar resonant voice. Comrade Premier was on the phone!

First he commended the men on Height 1,211 for their praiseworthy action against the enemy and then asked about the day's battle.

My heart was too full for words. The thought that he cared so much about us made me very happy. I felt a lump rise in my throat at the thought of him always sitting at his desk looking after things on the front and in the rear—every place where the Korean people were fighting, everything the people were doing--to lead the Korean people to victory.

I wanted to say over the phone: "We all wish you a long life and good health!" But I kept the thought to myself and answered what he asked me.

I reported to Comrade Premier in detail that the enemy kept coming back savagely, and that our fighters were giving the enemy repeated bloodbaths and our men were in high morale.

Comrade Premier asked in detail about how the supply work for the fighters was going, how they lived, and what difficulties they had. Then he went on in the following vein:

...All our soldiers are worth their weight in gold. The more they realize that it is the wish of their parents and the Party that not even an inch of the sacred soil

of the fatherland be allowed to the enemy, the better they will fight...

In waging the defensive battles, Marshal Kim Il Sung went on to say, varied forms of warfare should be employed in accordance with the natural conditions of the country's mountainous areas.

When he asked about the artillery, I told him that we had the heavy guns brought up on the height as he had ordered. As a result, the co-operation between the artillery and the infantry was as effective as in the plain areas, and the enemy could be easily smashed en masse. Comrade Premier expressing satisfaction at my report said:

"Very good! We can use artillery more effectively in the future when we take into account the natural conditions of the country."

Comrade Premier urged that more aircraft- and tank-hunting groups and storming parties should be organized and used extensively to give the enemy "the jitters."

The fact that I, on a height on the front line far away from the capital, Pyongyang, could have such instructions and encouragement from Comrade Kim Il Sung filled me with deep emotion. And I felt fresh energy surging within me.

After I put down the receiver I sat until dawn, pondering over how I could better execute his instructions.

Of course, this was not the first time that the leader had talked to me about the need of defending Height 1,211 to the last. On these occasions he always showed us in concrete terms how we should fight.

I recalled my visit to the Supreme Headquarters about two months ago. Then, too, Comrade Premier spoke of it in all earnest.

When I was in his office, Comrade Premier said, shaking my hand warmly, "I'm glad to see you, Com-

rade Choi Hyun. Welcome, welcome." Then he led me to the operations room.

On a table was a map of the region of Height 1,211. The map bore many circles in red.

Already at that time Comrade Kim Il Sung was working on a plan for frustrating the enemy's foolish attempt to capture Height 1,211 on the eastern front, and delivering a powerful blow to the enemy.

Then the situation on the front was very complicated.

During the first one year of the war, the U.S. imperialist aggressors suffered more than 598,000 casualties, more than one half of their losses in World War II, besides the loss of a huge amount of military equipment. And the enemy were made to roll back to the 38th parallel where they had launched the aggressive war. Yet, they did not abandon their wild schemes to expand the aggressive war.

The enemy made an absurd claim to move up the military demarcation line beyond the 38th parallel. They had the audacity to attempt to recover the ignominious military defeat they were sustaining in the Korean war through the armistice negotiations. To this end, the enemy made preparations for a new offensive behind the scene and putting "military pressure" upon us.

These offensives were called "summer and autumn offensives" of 1951, dreamed up by the notorious human butcher General Ridgway, the then Commander-in-Chief of the "United Nations Forces."

The enemy, according to the plans drawn up by this wild dreamer, was to stage landings in the areas of Wonsan and Tongchun, then was to join, in the areas of Hoiyang and Malhui-ri with those enemy units deployed on the eastern and central fronts. Their scheme was to

get the important mountainous areas in Kangwon Province in their hands.

Marshal Kim Il Sung, however, anticipating such move of the enemy, ordered the transfer of some defence units from the west coast to the eastern front and ordered to set up powerful defence lines at major points where the enemy might possibly attack. Indicating various points in the area of Height 1,211 with a red pencil, Comrade Premier asked: "Well, what is your opinion, Comrade Choi Hyun?"

I told him what I had been thinking. After he listened to me, he expressed his agreement. Then he directed my attention to the following facts. He said:

"...The enemy, I think, are aiming at the whole mountainous region of Height 1,211. Unless the enemy break through this defence zone, they can never join the forces they hope to land on the eastern coast. Therefore, the bulk of the enemy forces must be crushed at this strong point."

After a little pause, Comrade Premier continued:

"...Of course, it isn't an easy assignment. But think of the time when we fought the Japanese. Compared with then, how favourable things are to us today! We have a first-class regular army and a strong rear. The combatants are in high morale. They are ready to fight to the end for the fatherland and the people. I believe, therefore, our men will surely hold the height..."

Listening to Comrade Premier, I solemnly pledged at heart: I will fight till death to defend Height 1,211 and its neighbouring areas.

Height 1,211 was of great strategic and tactical importance. It stands overlooking the intersecting point of the two highways leading from Rinje and Yanggoo to Malhui-ri. Consequently the height commanded the two highways.

Comrade Kim Il Sung then put forth measures for beating back the enemy's attack, concrete measures for

waging positive defensive combats suitable to the geographical features of the country.

Emphasizing repeatedly the great significance of high-angle fire in the light of the mountainous features of the country, he said that the artillery should be increased on the front and an artillery duel waged.

"Artillery should be placed on the heights along the front. With co-ordinated operations of infantry and artillery we must hit the enemy..."

As I wrote down every word of Comrade Premier, a scene flashed through my mind, the scene of my first meeting with him in September 1933. I felt a lump in my throat.

At that time he made me see the bright prospect of the Korean revolution and the truths of Marxism-Leninism that enable us to translate the prospect into reality. This time I learnt from him a clear way of annihilating the self-styled "world's mightiest" Yankees on the mountains of our country.

When I returned to the corps, I made a profound study of his instructions, word by word, which I had recorded in my notebook. Then I explained the instructions to the combatants and did my best to carry out his words in actual fighting.

The valiant artillerymen on Height 1,211 pulled their heavy direct-firing guns up onto the cloud-capped height and blew up the enemy's emplacements and tanks. The mortar units, together with the infantry, brought their mortars to the forward line and scored direct hits on the enemy's offensive lines.

The forward units organized many storming parties and, risking everything, dealt crushing blows almost daily to the enemy's manpower and combat materials. The tank-hunting groups sought out every tank concentration centre of the enemy in the depth of the enemy defences and destroyed it.

Such struggle for carrying out the instructions of Marshal Kim Il Sung won tremendous successes on all fronts.

Through this, I strengthened my belief that if I fought following the line laid down by him, I could destroy vast manpower and combat materials of the enemy and take always initiative in battle, no matter how unfavourable the situation might be.

The Supreme Commander exhibited superb mastery of strategy and tactics. Accurately he calculated in advance the direction of the enemy's attack and ordered concentration of the forces to face it. We must study earnestly and follow his example.

The enemy at that time made fierce attacks in the direction of Chunduk Mountain and Saknyung on the western front and in the south of Kumsung on the central front. But Comrade Supreme Commander knew that Height 1,211 was the main target of the enemy's "summer and autumn offensives," and concentrated our forces in this region for defence.

Even at the time when the enemy, after its failure of a month-long frontal attack on Height 1,211, switched its onslaught to Height 851, Comrade Supreme Commander saw that it was the enemy's cunning trick to divide our forces and then take Height 1,211. So, he ordered to strengthen further the defence of Height 1,211 and at the same time to prepare and hurl powerful reserves into the battle, if need be.

As a result, when the enemy again attacked Height 1,211 in full force, we were able to take the initiative and confidently hit them and crush their attempts.

Every day the enemy came in waves of attacks under cover of aircraft, tanks and artillery. Defending the height was not an easy work.

Many grave difficulties cropped up. Particularly so in the early days of the battle on Height 1,211. Then we

were without any strong defence positions. On top of this, the worst flood in thirty years hit the region washing out roads and destroying bridges. And this made the supply to the front extremely difficult.

Some units did not get ammunition and hand-grenades regularly and, still worse, some ran out of even provisions sometimes.

Taking advantage of our temporary difficulties, the enemy attacked with a greater fury to break through our defence line as soon as possible and penetrate deep into the North.

The enemy, boasting of their "powerful bombing and bombardment," poured over 30,000 bombs and shells a day on Height 1,211.

Height 1,211, once clothed with thousand-year-old, un-trodden forests, was in flames like an active volcano, and boulders were smashed into dust. And rock powder was ankle-deep.

Literally the height was turned into a sea of flames.

However, no desperation and efforts of the enemy could daunt the spirits of the defenders of Height 1,211.

The workers of political organs and Party organizations as well as officers, Party members and junior political workers repeatedly explained to the fighters Order No. 0070 issued by the Supreme Commander, Marshal Kim Il Sung, rousing them to a heroic struggle. The order called upon them not to retreat even a step from the height.

The fighters held on the blazing height open Party meetings and made firm resolves to defend the height to the last drop of their blood. Then they signed the pledge dedicated to Marshal Kim Il Sung.

"Bloodbath to the U.S. imperialist aggressors!"

"Don't retreat, not even an inch!"

These were the slogans all the fighters led by the Party members shouted in the fierce battles that raged every day.

Still ringing in my ears are those militant slogans which the men shouted in the most critical moment while they defended a nameless height between Height 1,211 and Height 1,052.

It was in late October, 1951.

The squad under the command of An Bong Kyoo beat back the on-coming enemy scores of times. But a few men were wounded and there were no more ammunition and handgrenades left.

In the morning they were sure they had enough ammunition and handgrenades for the day. But the enemy's offensive was so tenacious that what they had was gone before noon. The enemy guns began to spit fire again. The enemy were preparing for the next onslaught. Trenches were destroyed and splinters flew all over the place.

A few men were sent to the company for ammunition and handgrenades. Squad leader An Bong Kyoo kept looking back in the direction to see if they were returning. He looked worried.

At this moment one of his men crawled up to him and said: "Comrade Squad Leader! Let's fight dauntlessly like Comrade Li Je Soon."

It was Jung Joo Sup, a Party member. He had been a junior middle school teacher in Moosan before he joined the army. He knew very well about Li Je Soon. At the time when the destiny of the fatherland was at stake, Li Je Soon fought to the last against vicious Japanese imperialism even in jail with a firm belief in the victory of the revolution.

The words of Joo Sup, who was determined to fight in the burning revolutionary and dauntless spirit of Li Je Soon, boundlessly inspired the squad leader.

The squad leader embraced Joo Sup. As they parted, they went here and there, braving the rain of splinters, to encourage their comrades-in-arms to fight like Li Je Soon. What they told their men was a fresh source of limitless strength and courage to them.

Valiantly they withstood the repeatedly on-coming enemy. First they hit at the enemy by rolling down stones, next with bayonets and rifle butts and then with weapons and handgrenades captured from the enemy. Thus they defended the height to the last.

There were so many such moving stories connected with the battle on the Height 1,211.

A fighter rushed in among the enemy with a bunch of handgrenades. He himself became a bomb. Another threw himself over the muzzle of an enemy's gun to block it like a steel plate.

A signal man of an artillery unit re-established contact of a broken communication line with his body. A mortar man shot by an enemy bullet charged the gun again, just before breathing his last, crying for revenge: "Death to the U.S. imperialist aggressors!" While the fighters on a height besieged by the enemy were preparing for the last decisive charge, singing the "Song of General Kim Il Sung," those on another height organized a shock party and hit the enemy from the rear.

When a height was in danger, even cooks, medics, and stretcher-bearers came out to join in the hand-to-hand fight with bayonets in their hands.

In the battle for retaking a nameless ridge west of Height 1,211 Li Soo Bok, a nineteen-year-old lad and a Youth League member, silenced an enemy's heavy machine-gun with his youthful breast, thereby ensuring victory. Even today these immortal events flash before my eyes as if they had occurred yesterday.

Whenever I recall all this, the image of Comrade Kim Choong Jin, the brave warrior of Mt. Chunbo in

the days of the anti-Japanese partisan struggle, appears before me. He fought single-handed against more than 300 men of the ferocious Japanese regular army to the last moment of his life.

An assaulting party was dispatched for reconnoitering and assaulting the enemy camp on Mt. Chunbo. But the enemy gave the assaulting party a hot chase. At that moment Comrade Kim Choong Jin all by himself lured the enemy in the other direction. Though he was wounded severely he led the blood-thirsty enemy up and down over the steep ranges of Mt. Chunbo. He lost so much blood, he was exhausted, and in the end was surrounded by the enemy.

The enemy began to close in, yelling "Surrender! Surrender!"

Kim Choong Jin knew he was at the death's door, but he was calm and well composed. He shouted:

"Nothing, even death, can make me surrender. Only I will get more of you... You devils, you Japanese horde. Do you know who I am? I am a soldier of General Kim Il Sung's partisan unit..."

When he used up his bullets, he groped about for rocks despite his badly wounded legs. He carried the rocks in his arms and rolled them down the slope where the enemy were climbing up. The louder became the shrieks of the enemy who were hit by the rocks, the more rocks he rolled down, grinding his teeth...

Indeed he was a revolutionary soldier, a phoenix, who knew no surrender.

This dauntless revolutionary spirit and red blood of the anti-Japanese partisans were incarnated in Heroes Li Soo Bok, Kim Han Shik, An Hak Ryong and Bak Ki Pyung and all the defenders of Height 1,211. The men of Height 1,211 could fight the enemy and be victorious in the raging battle flames in which even rocks melted, because they fought with hearts filled with a staunch

fighting spirit and with an ardent desire like the partisans who had fought Japanese imperialism. "We will sacrifice ourselves for the sake of the fatherland when occasion demands, and live with the people enjoying their affection!" Such was the slogan of the partisans.

When provisions ran out, they picked cranberries and wild grapes in the bushes which had not been destroyed. Sometimes a little ear of maize was a day's ration for several men. The maize was passed around twice but hardly any grains were touched.

Not only that, whenever a difficult situation arose, everyone of the fighters first thought of the fellow next to him and superiors. They helped each other, valued each other and vied with each other in performing difficult tasks. Even on this height the revolutionary comradeship and the beautiful tradition of the unity of officers and soldiers which are characteristics of our People's Army were displayed.

Another noble feature I witnessed among our men in the hard-fought battles on Height 1,211 was this. The fighters not only carried out without fail the orders of the Party and the leader, however difficult the situation might be, but they did it creatively and admirably to the last.

One day in mid-September, 1951, I was over on Height 1,300 in the rear of Height 1,211. Half way up the height, I heard clanging sounds as though they were hammering. I looked in the direction where the sound was coming from. Soldiers were making a tunnel through a rock. I had always known about courage and resourcefulness of our men. But when I learnt what they were doing, I could not help being moved again.

They, upholding the order of the Comrade Supreme Commander, were building a tunnel so as to hit the enemy more effectively. Earlier, they had taken heavy artillery pieces apart and carried them up to the height on their backs.

There were no wheelbarrows, sledge hammers or augers for them. But their hearts were full of resolve to faithfully carry out the order of the Comrade Supreme Commander at any cost. So they smelted the enemy's blind shells to make sledge hammers and augers. And the fallen enemy's planes gave them wheelbarrows.

However, the artillerymen on Height 1,300 were not the only ones who did this. As a matter of fact, all the artillerymen built batteries in the rocks. Then the infantry followed suit. The foot soldiers built livable and strong underground tunnels, the model of which one can see today in the Fatherland Liberation War Memorial.

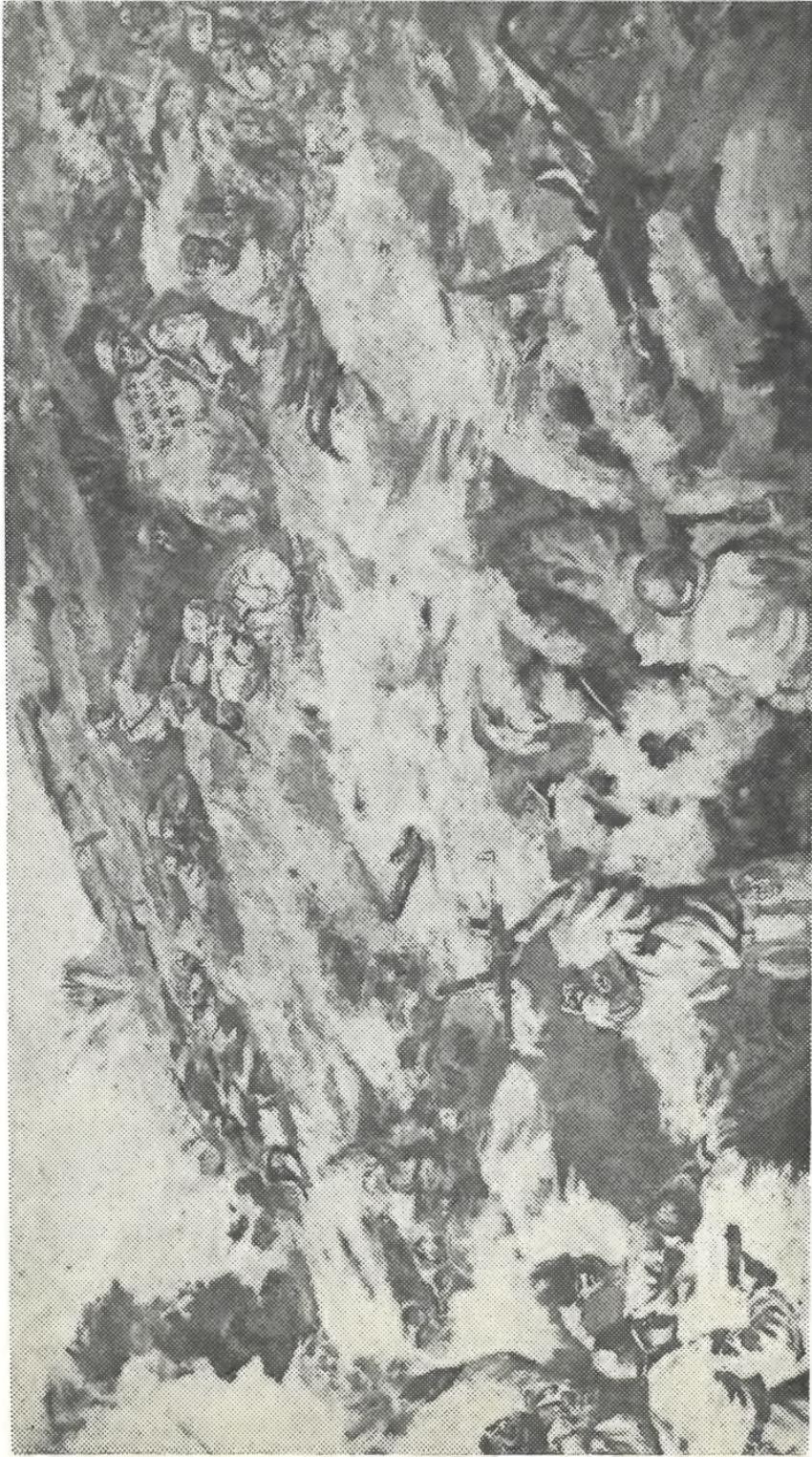
When they used up oil for guns, our men caught badgers and squirrels to get oil. When something went wrong with their rifles, they repaired them by themselves with the enemy's cartridge clips they had picked up on the battle fields.

There was really no force on earth which could subdue our defenders of Height 1,211.

Battles were unspeakably fierce. Yet wherever our men were, there was always singing. They—workers, peasants and students of yesterday—derived fresh energy and courage from singing. Even in short period between fightings they composed songs and poetry, songs that won the hearts of all and poetry full of spirit. That was not all. Our men, who are worth their weight in gold, made numerous fine musical instruments out of Korean wild walnut and other trees under the rain of enemy shells.

Such optimism, too, sprang from the conviction of the victory of the revolution and of the yet brighter morrow. No enemy could defeat the revolutionary fighters, optimistic, creative, brave and heroic.

I should not forget to mention here the aid the people in the rear, risking everything, gave to the men fighting on Height 1,211.



Particularly the people in Soksa-ri and Soonkam-ri lived and fought with the men of the Height.

Under the slogan, "Let us take even one more shell, even one more grain of cereals up the Height," the peasants drove oxen loaded with shells, ammunition and provisions over Jikdong ridge, on which the enemy concentrated fire. And on their way back they carried the wounded with them.

When the longest spell of rain in thirty years hit the region, some units on the height ran out of provisions. The heroic Korean women, despite the fact that they themselves had little to eat, brought to the height even the potatoes they were saving for seed. They ground the potatoes into flour and made small dumplings mixed with peas. Men could eat them just by boiling.

When a bridge on the supply route was destroyed, people, young and old, felled trees in the mountain in defiance of the rain of the enemy's machine-gun bullets and filled grass-bags with dirt. The bridge was repaired overnight. The support of such people inspired the men on the height to be more heroic in the battle.

When the "summer offensive" failed, the enemy launched the "autumn offensive." When the 5th Division of the puppet army was wiped out, the most vicious 3rd Division of the puppet army was thrown into the battle. For more than two months from September 4, 1951 to the beginning of November the enemy fought with a greater degree of ferocity only to lose 15,000 men and officers and greater quantities of combat materials. The enemy could not pierce our line even the least.

As a result, the "summer and autumn offensives" of Ridgway, "mountain warfare general" and the pride of the U.S. imperialist aggressors, designed to push back the front line up to Wonsan at one stroke by taking Height 1,211, were successful only on his operation maps.

The U.S. imperialist aggressors were so upset by the battle for Height 1,211 that they called the height "Heartbreak Ridge." Their hearts broke whenever they looked up at the height. And to them the gorge around the height was so terrifying. The enemy named them "punch bowl." For no enemy came out alive once he went into it.

But the honest-minded people of the world look up to our Height 1,211 as the Height of Heroes.

All the defenders of Height 1,211 were heroes!

The immortal exploits they exhibited in the battle for carrying out the Party's strategic line, which demanded that not an inch be yielded, have been a source of inspiration to our builders in bringing forth the mighty strength in the country's socialist construction today. And from it many miracles and innovations have come. Indeed the significance of the battle on Height 1,211 is great. That is why Marshal Kim Il Sung, drawing a parallel between the heroic battle on Height 1,211 and the central task arising in every period of socialist construction, says that development of iron and steel industry is like the battle on Height 1,211 in the past war.

The heroic deeds of the defenders of Height 1,211 will be told down to our posterity. They will be a source of fresh energy and courage for the generations to come, not to speak of the present.

Should the enemy recklessly play with fire again, every mountain peak in the country will turn into a Height 1,211 where the enemy will be finished off once and for all.



BATTLE ON HEIGHT 351

Li Yung Ho

Modern history of the Korean people is bound up inseparably with proud records of their heroic struggles for national independence and social emancipation.

The most conspicuous of these triumphant records are those connected with the just Fatherland Liberation War, in which the Korean people, united as one, beat back the arbitrary, savage invasion by the U.S. imperialist aggressors.

This just war waged by the Korean people for the fatherland liberation was, indeed, a stupendous struggle to repulse the unprecedentedly savage aggression by the imperialist hordes.

The U.S. imperialists, the most heinous enemy of mankind, not only hurled into the war the bulk of their ground, sea and air forces with a long history of aggression but mobilized armies of 15 of their satellite countries. They wanted to conquer our people. For this purpose, they employed the most brutal methods of warfare and committed every conceivable criminal atrocity.

No methods nor machinations on the part of the enemy, however, could bring the Korean people to their knees. On the contrary, the enemy suffered the most

ignominious defeat known in his history of aggression before the heroic struggle of the Korean people and the Korean People's Army who are firmly rallied around the Workers' Party of Korea and Marshal Kim Il Sung upholding their wise leadership.

Freedom and independence of our fatherland were thus secured with honour and the U.S. imperialists had no alternative but to kneel down at the very spot where they had started the war.

And my heart always swells with pride whenever I, commander of an army corps during the war, recall the heroic exploits of our People's Army men who, under the sagacious leadership of the Party and the leader, won such a historic victory, bravely surmounting every hardship and ordeal.

Here are some of my reminiscences of the battles on Height 351.

Let me start with one day in October 1952, when I visited the Supreme Headquarters at the call of Comrade Supreme Commander.

When I entered his room, Comrade Supreme Commander greeted me with a warm hand-shake, his face beaming with a usually bright smile. And he, as usual, extended his congratulations to each fighter of my corps on the smallest merit he made in those days. He asked me about the life of the men and officers, then referred to the situation prevailing at home and the enemy's frantic machinations.

The front-line situation at that time was very complicated. After their vicious machinations were frustrated at the armistice talks, the U.S. imperialist aggressors unilaterally declared an indefinite adjournment of the talks, while desperately stepping up their large-scale "offensives."

The enemy's plan was to occupy a triangle of land, a "triangle of iron," linking Keumhwa with Pyongyang

and Chulwon; to direct his main thrust towards the Keumhwa-Hoiyang areas; to "annihilate" our main forces on the eastern and central sectors in co-ordination with the troops to be landed in Tongchun; and then to move the front line up far to the north.

Analysing such desperate schemes of the enemy, Marshal Kim Il Sung said:

"I assume your units have been reorganized and combat preparations are all completed. You had better go at once and see the units shifted to the eastern sector."

To transfer our army corps to the eastern sector was his long meditated plan.

It was sometime in the latter part of August of the year that Marshal Kim Il Sung personally visited our corps, crossing the steep Masik-ryung ridge.

And, as was the case with others, it was not the first time for me to see him personally visiting us on the spot, guiding and asking after us.

Starting with the days when preparations were being made for the founding of the People's Army units he made it a rule to visit many People's Army units, and, through his personal guidance, instructed us in detail how we should strengthen the fighting power of the units, paid deep concern to the health and living conditions of the soldiers and led us always to fresh victory.

However, never had I experienced such exultation and deep emotion as I had that day, receiving him at my corps.

He inquired about the living conditions of soldiers, then asked us:

"What about strength and equipment of the corps? Have you regularly replenished your units with transport means?"

Having heard my detailed report on the actual conditions of the units under my command, Comrade Su-

preme Commander instructed me to intensify the Party political work within the units, rapidly improve the supply work to a standard required by the Party, promptly re-organize the units and to make preparations for transferring them to the eastern sector.

"You look pale, Comrade Yung Ho. You must recover your health immediately..." he said, gazing at my face. But I could not answer him. My heart was too full for words. He went on to say with emphasis laid on the following points:

"What is most important in our work is the work with the soldiers, our revolutionary comrades-in-arms. The capacity of a commander to direct his unit and art of his leadership are the most important factors in making his men fight valiantly to the last with firm conviction of victory in the cause of defending the territory of the fatherland.

"Especially, the life of one of our revolutionary comrades-in-arms is more precious than the lives of thousands of enemy soldiers. This you should not forget even for a moment. And whenever and wherever it may be, you must see to it that the units stationed there should keep a kindred tie with the local people."

Listening to his inspiring words, I felt my heart filled with a stronger conviction of victory.

Had he not been thinking day and night of the future of our revolution, studying the military and political situations in the fatherland and working out plans? Had he not been visiting the people and the People's Army to look after them and to lead them to victory, disregarding time and distance? Thinking along these lines I could not but bow my head before him, renewing my determination to devote everything I had to the battle.

Keeping deep in mind his kind instructions and profound, warm affection, we did our best to reorganize the

units and make full preparations for shifting to the eastern sector to mount a powerful counter-attack against the enemy while carrying out the task of defending the coastal line.

How excited I was when I first received his orders to advance the units to the eastern sector! I simply could not find words to express my feelings.

"Certainly we will live up to the instructions of the Party and the leader and give it to the U.S. aggressors and the armies of their satellite countries, hot and strong," I said to myself that day, coming back to my corps. Then acting upon his orders, we moved to the eastern sector of the front early in November. And, in the course of profoundly studying every word of his instructions and translating them into reality, we accomplished great exploits every day.

At that time our troops were beating back the enemy on all fronts, relying on the strongly-built tunnels on our defences, while intensively conducting tactical counter-offensives to deal a severe blow at the enemy.

The enemy's "new offensives" scheduled to be launched early 1953 were thus frustrated and they saw no prospect of victory in the war. This compelled the U.S. imperialist wolves to resume the armistice talks after more than six months' interruption.

Resorting to delaying tactics, however, the U.S. wolves engineered every kind of vicious, crafty machinations behind the screen.

With an eye to disturbing our rear, the enemy bombed our reservoir dykes to flood paddy fields and wash away farm houses. Their bestial atrocities did not stop at this. They did not hesitate even to destroy peaceful establishments such as hospitals and schools.

Comrade Supreme Commander who had seen through enemy's repeated villainous machinations, put forth his

plan of launching a powerful offensive along the whole frontline, and said:

"We must answer the enemy with a decisive blow. Politically, such a military blow at the enemy is like giving a 'slap' in the face to the bellicose Eisenhower who had just come into presidency; it will deepen the contradictions inside the enemy camp and accelerate the reunification of our fatherland; and, militarily, it will turn the tables in favour of us in the Korean war."

Such counter-offensives were of great significance. It would bring the enemy who was manoeuvring craftily behind the armistice talks to realize the great might of the People's Army, cause him heavy losses in manpower and combat materiel, weaken him to the extreme, and create a favourable condition for our side to deal a bigger blow at him by occupying vantage points.

Upholding the correct plan and the superb guidance of Comrade Supreme Commander, our army went over to powerful counter-offensives along the whole front.

At that time, our army corps was given the task of storming and capturing Height 351, which was situated on the perimetre southeast of Kamho and Mt. Wolbi, south of Kosung, Kangwon Province.

The enemy on the height, while keeping up his observation over the rear of our tactical defences, was planning to threaten the flank of our units in co-ordination with the expected landing force from the east coast.

Should he lose this height, the enemy would have to withdraw 8-12 km to the Kohwang Peak areas, abandoning nameless hills and other neighbouring heights linked with Height 351, since Height 351 had nothing behind it but a vast stretch of plain dotted with hillocks.

That was why the enemy had been reinforcing the height and other neighbouring heights for more than two years with his "latest" engineering technique. Furthermore, the height was under cover of guns of various cali-

bres, warships and aircraft. The enemy called the height an "impregnable fortress" or the "line of no retreat", boasting: "We will defend the height to the last, even though we lose Seoul."

Height 351, as seen above, was a very important strategic point both for us and the enemy. Therefore, fierce battles for this height were fought several times between us and the enemy.

Already in the early part of July, 1952, the combatants of the 86th Guards Infantry Regiment, acting upon the instructions of Comrade Supreme Commander to hold the line they had taken and intensify offensives, stormed the height, the enemy's so-called "impregnable fortress", killing and taking alive over 1,500 enemy soldiers. After that our units attacked the height several times, each time giving a bloodbath to the enemy.

Thus, thrown into panic, the enemy on the height were trembling in fear of imminent death.

In organising the battle for Height 351 we were guided by the instructions Comrade Supreme Commander gave us in December 1952 at the operation room after the high-ranking officers' meeting held in the Supreme Headquarters.

At that time Comrade Supreme Commander asked about the supply work and the life at the front. Then he told us:

"You must pay much heed to the life of the soldiers fighting on the heights at the front. You must bring home to them why they had to take up arms against the enemy. If they have a clear understanding of this, they will not yield even an inch of land to the enemy and will fight to safeguard the people's power..."

Then, referring to the necessity of organising battles in accordance with the specific, geographical features of our country, he went on to say:

"Our country has many mountains and mountain

peaks are soaring closely. This makes it inappropriate to set up the commander's observation post on a height far from the battle line.

"It must be brought closer to the front. Only then is it possible for you to command all the units on the front in a uniform way.

"Did we not fight the enemy shoulder to shoulder with the rankers when we were engaged in the partisan warfare against the Japanese imperialists? Commanders' presence among the rankers will strengthen their conviction of victory and enable the commanders themselves to grasp the situation promptly and take measures in good time."

That day Comrade Supreme Commander also referred to his plan of using the concentrated fire of howitzers and mortars in consideration of the mountainous condition of our country.

"...Gunners should make the best of a concentrated fire. If the artillery fire is not concentrated it is impossible to deal a smashing blow at the enemy. This is a point of paramount importance in modern warfare.

"Taking advantage of natural shields of mountains, the enemy always comes along one route. Under the condition you must crush the enemy at one stroke with the help of a concentrated artillery fire.

"This not only holds good with the artillery. All firing must be concentrated. Direct-firing guns must be brought near the battle line. They must be bedded down in tunnels, and, relying on the tunnels, must blow up the enemy's fire-points, direct-firing guns and tanks on the heights..."

Such repeated, kind instructions and personal, concrete guidance of Comrade Supreme Commander encouraged me with a bright prospect and firm conviction that we would certainly win victory if we lived up to the will of the Party and the leader, overcoming all hardships and ordeals.

We commanding officers studied time and again the instructions of Marshal Kim Il Sung, drew up each operational plan with a view to implementing them and then stepped up our battle preparations.

As the battle for Height 351 drew nearer, the morale of our men grew higher.

Following the instructions of the Party and the leader they were ready to sacrifice everything they had in the fight for the freedom of the fatherland and the happiness of the people, and to annihilate the U.S. imperialist aggressors.

Still fresh in my mind is my visit to Mt. Wolbi and the conversation I had there with the combatants, particularly my talk with Comrade Kim Ryong Taik who hailed from South Korea.

When I asked him if he felt homesick, he seemed somewhat bewildered.

At this, I recalled to his mind the words of Comrade Supreme Commander that only he who loves his parents, brothers, and sisters, family and native place warmly can also ardently love his fatherland and people.

Then he answered me:

"Comrade Corps Commander, I think if I fight the enemy more mercilessly, that will hasten the day of my reunion with my parents at home."

I told him that if we fight courageously and drive out the U.S. imperialist aggressors from South Korea, the people there, too, will become masters of the land and country as in North Korea and so we must fight more valiantly for its early realisation.

He raised his face still wrapped in thought and answered me:

"I will keep in mind the words of Comrade Supreme Commander and fight more mercilessly against the ene-

my who are oppressing and tormenting our people, our parents, brothers and sisters."

"What a simple and reliable fighter he is!" I thought and told him about Marshal Kim Il Sung in his youth, who was always filial to his parents, held comrades in warm affection, loved the people ardently and hated the enemy bitterly.

"Following the Marshal," he said, "I will be filial to my parents, love my villagers and together with them lead a worthwhile life as worthy master of the country when I return home in triumph."

Then he asked me: "Comrade Corps Commander! Will we live to see that day?"

"Certainly — only we must hasten its materialisation by fighting well to win the day in compliance with the instructions of Comrade Supreme Commander."

My chat with him lasted for a considerable time, yet I found it hard to part with him.

However, he was not the only one, toward whom I felt that way. In a word, all fighters ready to go into battle for Height 351 were reliable ones, like Kim Ryong Taik, and all were firmly determined to devote their all to the Party and the leader.

"We will fight the enemy to the last, defending every inch of our land for the Party and the leader that have brought us Korean people a life worth living and a bright prospect for the future. We must fight hard also to defend our people's power against the enemy's encroachment." With this determination we threw ourselves into the work of preparing for battles for Height 351 in compliance with the plan laid down by Comrade Supreme Commander.

According to our plan, our infantry companies were to attack and occupy Height 351 and the nameless height to the east of it under cover of the powerful fire of 130 guns, while decoying the enemy on Height 208.3.

To this end, howitzers and mortars were concentrated on the important points. And direct-firing guns were concentrated near the forward line so as to blow up tanks, direct-firing guns and fire-points on the enemy-occupied height.

According to this operational plan, an attack was launched at last against Height 351 on June 2, 1953.

When the longhand of my wrist watch pointed to 00:50, I gazed on Height 351 from the observation post. Since the observation post was set up near the battle line according to the instructions of Comrade Supreme Commander, the enemy positions seemed to be within a stone's throw and the movement of our men could be seen clearly.

Our powerful artillery, more than 130 guns, opened fire all at once.

Each time our guns roared shaking the mountain ranges, the enemy side seemed to be terrorized.

Everything on Height 351, the much boasted enemy's "impregnable fortress," was torn to pieces. Spouts of flame, smoke, and fragments were blown up into the air. Soon the enemy's outer fortifications of defence were levelled out by a preparatory barrage of our powerful guns bedded down in the strongly built tunnels. As our artillery lengthened its fire into the depth of the enemy's defences, the battalion commanded by Li Choon Bal went over to the offensive like gushing water from a broken dyke.

While the fourth company was decoying the enemy on Height 208.3, the fifth company dashed towards the summit of Height 351, shouting hurrah with the national flag flying in the van.

But the enemy resisted desperately. He showed no sign of drawing back. And our charging company was greatly hindered by the heavy machine-gun bunkers and camouflaged wire entanglements built by the enemy

at important points, taking more than 2 years even with their "latest" engineering technique.

Even if one heavy machine-gun bunker was silenced, there were still others behind it belching fire, and the wire entanglements kept harassing our men. What is more, the enemy hurriedly threw into the battle numerous guns of large calibre, warships from the sea and aircraft, and kept pounding our men with bombs and shells in an attempt to check our advance.

But braving all these obstacles and resistance put up by the enemy, our valiant combatants under cover of a powerful artillery fire, pressed forward. Then they made a sudden dash at the summit with the Party members in the van followed by the Democratic Youth League members, shouting: "Long live the Workers' Party of Korea!" "Long live Marshal Kim Il Sung!"

It was dark. So, from my command post I could hardly trace the movement of our men farther. But the reports by radio from the battalion commander, the shouts of hurrah of our men, the sharp bark of guns hitting the enemy and the dying out enemy's resistance, kept me alive to the situation.

At that moment, I received the following report from the battalion commander:

"We took Height 351 in fifteen minutes. Comrades Kim In Taik and Kim Ryong Taik blocked the embrasures of the enemy bunkers with their breasts to make a breach. One of my units is advancing to the east to attack the nameless hill. The enemy is putting up furious counter-attacks. But we are determined to hold this height."

At these words, I visualized, the receiver still in my hand, the men and officers who had crushed the enemy and taken the height.

Particularly, I was moved by the lofty fighting spirit of Comrade Kim Ryong Taik who blocked with his

body the embrasure of an enemy bunker to open a path for his unit. Thus he lived up to his oath which he had made while talking with me on Mt. Wolbi.

What a courageous soldier he was!

Thanks to such courageous soldiers as him who would go through fire and water if they were called upon by the Party and the leader, we were able to capture in a short time Height 351, the enemy's "impregnable fortress."

"Comrades, you fought bravely, indeed. You carried out with credit your determination made before the Party and Comrade Supreme Commander..." I congratulated them on their battle results and the exploits accomplished by numerous model combatants. Then I encouraged them to defend the height of the fatherland to the last, never yielding an inch to the enemy.

Dawn came round.

I looked down on Height 351 wrapped in powder smoke and dust. There our men, from the destroyed trenches, were fighting back the repeated furious counter-attacks of the enemy. They had no time to rebuild the trenches.

Set on recapturing the height, the enemy made onslaughts like a mass of mould-building wood ants.

The battalion commander and men fought as one body, throwing handgrenades, sending a hurricane of fire at the enemy from their light and heavy machine guns, submachine guns, etc.

The enemy fell thick and fast, yet never gave up. While one of our machine gunners mowed down the enemy in succession, not noticing the heaps of empty cartridges piled up beside his gun, his neighbour, biting off the safety-pins of handgrenades, hurled them at the enemy until his teeth had a twinging ache. Not only that, whenever the enemy drew nearer, our men dashed out

for a hand-to-hand fight, running their bayonets through the enemy's hearts.

Around this time I received a report from the outer artillery observation post set up in a perimeter of Height 351.

"Enemy's infantrymen are moving from Kansung to the Daigang-ri area by some 230 trucks and 7 cars."

I surveyed through my field-glasses the highway from Daigang-ri and saw enemy cars drawing nearer, leaving behind them dense clouds of dust.

However, since we had concentrated our artillery in the forward areas as instructed by Marshal Kim Il Sung, we could promptly cope with the situation. I quickly ordered the entire divisional artillery to concentrate fire on the moving column of enemy trucks.

With every burst of artillery fire enemy's cars went up in flames and the soldiers in them were blown in all directions.

It was a sight to rejoice our hearts!

Met with the concentrated fire of our divisional artillery, the enemy's plan to retake Height 351 with the reinforcements of divisional reserves brought from the Kansung area was completely frustrated.

I realized once again how correct Comrade Supreme Commander was when he emphasized that the enemy should be crushed at the first stroke by a concentrated artillery fire.

The battle grew fiercer as hours and days passed by.

Meanwhile we greeted June 4, the day of the 16th anniversary of victorious Bochunbo Battle in which the anti-Japanese partisans led by Marshal Kim Il Sung dealt an annihilating blow to the Japanese imperialists in Bochunbo on the northernmost edge of Korea.

That day the second battalion that had been waging a hard-fought battle with the enemy was ordered to hand the height over to the 9th company. But the men of the

second battalion who had fought for the height were reluctant to be replaced.

"How can we quit this height? Let us remain and fight shoulder to shoulder with them," they implored, refusing to come out of their trenches.

Recalling to the minds of the officers the words of Comrade Supreme Commander that "the life of one of our revolutionary comrades-in-arms is more precious than the lives of a thousand enemy soldiers," I persuaded them to hand over the height and take a rest in preparation for a yet more difficult battle in the future. Now the men, reluctantly descending the height, said to their colleagues of the 9th company.

"We hope you will defend this height to the last."

And these words made the new defenders of the height renew their determination.

The battle grew fiercer hour after hour.

Handgrenades and bullets were gradually running short. On top of that, incessant bursts of shells raised a thick dust, causing trouble with our rifles no matter how frequently we cleaned them.

The combatants, however, determined to defend the height of the fatherland to the last, did not succumb to any difficulty. They crushed the enemy with handgrenades, bayonets and even with their rifle-butts.

That day, I was told later, fighters of the 9th company, having repaired their destroyed trenches and firing emplacements, gathered at one place to hold a discussion meeting on the battle of Bochunbo.

Company Commander Kim Woo Jin who had come from a village not far from Bochunbo told about the battle of Bochunbo waged under the command of Marshal Kim Il Sung. And the men, listening to him with deep emotion, renewed their determination to courageously fight till death, following the example of the anti-Japanese partisans.

"We are the successors to the anti-Japanese partisans led by Marshal Kim Il Sung. Encouraged by their example, we should not give way to any hardship and ordeal. We should smash the enemy more mercilessly for the sake of freedom and independence of the fatherland."

Thus resolved, the combatants continued fierce battles against the enemy.

In the course of the battles Comrade Bak Hyun Jong suffered severe wounds both in the legs and arms.

When the assistant commander of the platoon hurried to him and embraced him, he wriggled his body out of the embrace, saying: "Comrade Commander, don't bother about me! Give a bloodbath to the enemy..." Then, seizing a chance when the assistant platoon commander was calling a medical orderly, Bak took a handgrenade, climbed on to the breastwork dragging wounded legs, began to roll down the height with all his might towards the enemy soldiers.

"Hyun Jong!" called out his comrades-in-arms at the top of their voice, but it was too late. Soon there was an explosion of the handgrenade, and with it, some fifteen of enemy soldiers who were climbing up the height were all blown to pieces.

Thus Comrade Bak Hyun Jong, using his own maimed body as a human bomb, carried out his determination with honour to defend the height—a resolve made while he was listening to the story of the battle of Bochunbo.

A junior propagandist of a company got fatal wounds in his legs during a severe battle. He took out of his pocket a booklet for the propagandists to hand over to the squad leader, and expressing his regret that he could not carry through the task the Party had assigned to him, asked him to carry out his share of the task, too.

Receiving reports on such exploits in succession, I thought about the combatants on the height who were

fighting the enemy to defend every inch of the soil of the fatherland.

"I must see to it that they are supplied in time with enough rifles and ammunition. They are fighting heroically to defend the soil of the fatherland in response to the Party's militant call and the line laid down by Comrade Supreme Commander..."

Thinking in this way, I recalled with deep emotion the words of Marshal Kim Il Sung who instructed us to bear deep in mind that the supply work in the army should be improved as required by the Party, for the timely delivery of ammunition and food to the units would have a decisive effect on the result of combat operations.

Needless to say, we got sufficient transport means and men allotted for that purpose in those days. Nevertheless, due to the bombardment from enemy warships, bombing and shelling, the supply routes in some places were cut off, causing temporary suspension in ammunition delivery. And the fighters engaged in fierce battles with the enemy demanded more and more ammunition.

Under these conditions, we could not remain idle, counting only on night transportation.

Meanwhile, our fearless drivers volunteered to run their trucks in daytime. They set out in high spirits supported by our anti-aircraft guns and guns of the aircraft-hunters' groups; and, taking advantage of a brief lull in the enemy's shelling, they drove their carefully camouflaged trucks through the area where enemy gunfire used to be concentrated. Thus they fulfilled their tasks with credit.

No hardship could daunt the heroic fighting spirit of our combatants. The more difficult the situation became, the more cheerful our combatants became, giving full play to their creative talents.

The soldiers of a company in charge of supplying shells stole up to a place under the very nose of the enemy to bring rails from there, and laid them between the front armoury and the foot of the height. This enabled them to carry ammunition and provisions on push-carts.

Amidst the raging flames of severe battles, the combatants composed the "Song of Height 351" to express their revolutionary passion surging in their hearts. They also wrote articles, giving expression to their loyalty to the Party and the leader and arranged "literary evenings."

On the evening of June 4, I was called up by Comrade Kim Kwang Hyup, the then Commander of the Front.

"You will soon receive a congratulatory message from Comrade Supreme Commander. He asked me to convey his congratulations to the soldiers who have captured Height 351 and are holding it... You are requested to communicate the message to the soldiers as soon as you receive it..."

As I put down the receiver, there arose in my mind's eye the clear features of Comrade Supreme Commander who was directing the war, sitting up till late at night.

"This very day, too, he would be thinking of us soldiers engaged in fierce battles with a profound parental affection."

Thinking thus, I was moved to tears.

On the following morning we received the congratulatory telegram of Comrade Supreme Commander.

The message read in part:

"I congratulate you on your war merits. You attacked and captured the Height 351 of tactical significance... and dealt a fatal blow at the enemy. I am confident that you will continue to achieve more brilliant results in the forthcoming battles against the enemy for the independence and freedom of the fatherland..."

The message to the combatants at the front came as a source of exultation and inspiration. Meetings of Party and Democratic Youth League organizations were held. At these meetings the combatants, stirred by Comrade Supreme Commander's affection toward them, took a pledge to live up to his orders, not yielding an inch of the land of their fatherland to the enemy. Three combatants, comrades Kim Yong Su, Ro Boo Yung and Bang Won Gul, who had been posted on the perimeter of Height 351 sent in their written oath:

"Beloved Comrade Supreme Commander! We are writing this oath on the perimeter of Height 351. The die-hard enemy are charging us several times a day. But for the sake of the fatherland liberated by the anti-Japanese revolutionary fighters led by you, and for the Party and our system which have provided us with a happy life, we pledge firmly to destroy the enemy mercilessly, surmounting every difficulty.

"We also pledge that we will not yield even an inch of the soil of our fatherland to the enemy..."

But this was not the only one written by our combatants. All the men and officers took the same pledge.

On the evening of that very day when they received the inspiring message from Marshal Kim Il Sung a task was given to the engineers of the demolition party led by Comrade Li Suk Koo. They were to blow up the "special tunnel" built secretly by the enemy, taking more than two years.

Under cover of darkness the demolition party members crept up to the enemy position. Not infrequently they were half buried from bursting shells which landed near them, yet keeping in mind the Supreme Commander's encouraging message they approached the "special tunnel" and, taking advantage of the loud sound of shell explosions, set about digging holes under the entrance, exit and

the middle of the tunnel. Then they buried powder in the holes, and blew up the tunnel.

Thus they did away with over 260 enemy soldiers in the tunnel.

After their loss of Height 351, the enemy repeated "do-or-die attacks" at it under cover of numerous planes and warships only to meet with the more powerful defensive actions and counter-attacks by our side. In these engagements, the enemy lost more than 2,500 men, killed or wounded.

Mention must be made here of the heroic activities of the Kosung people during the battle for Height 351, who fought bravely shoulder to shoulder with our combatants.

Responding to the call of the Party: "All for the victory at the front," the people of Kosung carried on farming, their immediate task, braving the heavy shelling and bombing, and at the same time organized stretcher-bearers' and transporters' groups to aid the People's Army.

Women and old folks enlisted in the stretcher-bearers' groups even went to the summit of Height 351 to carry the wounded to the divisional field medical station. On their way to the front they always carried ammunition on their backs or heads, and on their way back, the wounded on their backs or on stretchers.

I cannot forget an event which took place at the medical station of the division in Onjung-ri.

There I met two women who had just arrived with a wounded soldier on their stretcher. They asked the surgeon to denote their blood to the wounded, rolling up their sleeves. The embarrassed surgeon was completely at a loss as to what to do.

"Comrade sergeant," one of the women said, "isn't he in a critical condition? I gladly offer my blood to the last drop if only we could save him. Please, take my blood, quick..." She said in a tone of persuasion.

She said she could not remain silent and look on with folded arms, doing nothing for the cause of winning victory in the war when the Party and the leader were so concerned about the people's living even in the difficult war period.

While listening to her, I recalled the words of Marshal Kim Il Sung who instructed us to carry on the work with the people in a proper way.

It happened one day in the summer of 1951 during the rainy season. We were then on the Masik-ryung ridge area.

Around midnight I was called up by Comrade Supreme Commander:

"...Comrade Yung Ho, as you know, the food situation on the front has taken a bad turn; all supply routes are cut. The people there are running out of provisions. Isn't there any way to immediately deliver them provisions? To begin with, some 2,000 tons should be transported within the week by mobilizing all the transport means of your corps. Now let me hear your opinion..."

Thinking that he might have been sitting up all this rainy night, I resolved to execute the task under any difficult conditions.

"I shall do my best... Would you tell me where the provisions should be transported to?" I asked.

"Well... That is what I expected from you. Now, tell me about your transport facilities!" said Comrade Supreme Commander, very much satisfied. Then he inquired about what difficulty we might find in carrying out the task. I told him that we would actively mobilize reserves to make up for the shortage of transport means.

"Fine! But you shall get more trucks from the Supreme Headquarters. Start with the work at once. I'm afraid the army is suffering from food shortage. And the people are in a still worse condition. On top of that, some

localities are hit by epidemics in this rainy season and the local folks are suffering. Some active measures should be taken to give medical aid to them."

Inspired thus by the deep solicitude shown by Marshal Kim Il Sung, the following day we mobilized all the transport means in possession of our units as well as the trucks sent by the Supreme Headquarters and, at the same time, took immediate measures for the medical treatment of the local patients.

The thought of such consistent, deep solicitude of Comrade Supreme Commander towards the people and army, made me regard with warm feelings the woman who was still offering her blood to the wounded soldier at the medical station in Onjung-ri that day.

She did not budge until her wish was granted.

I was moved by her act. There is no enemy who can conquer our people and our army firmly united under the wise leadership of the Party and the leader, I thought.

"Thank you!" I said to her.

"What for? I am a Workers' Party member. I have done only what a Party member should do," she answered turning to me.

Far back in the period of the anti-Japanese partisan struggle, too, we partisans fought the enemy enjoying such profound love and support of the people wherever we went. And in her I saw a manifestation of such fine tradition—a perfect unity of people and partisans—which took shape in that period.

So, how could we fail to win, fighting in close co-operation with such brave people for the same purpose?

Space does not allow me to record all episodes built around the battles for Height 351.

During the battles for Height 351 our combatants fully displayed the lofty fighting spirit, moral tone and mass heroism of the People's Army which was trained



and educated by the Party and Marshal Kim Il Sung and demonstrated their high military capacity and fighting power.

The Party and the fatherland awarded Comrades Kim In Taik, Kim Ryong Taik, Joo Sang Ha, Bak Hyun Jong, Kim Jung Sik, Li Nong Ha and eight other valiant soldiers who showed an unparalleled heroism in the battles for the Height the honourable title of Hero of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

However, they are not the only ones deserving the title of Hero! All the soldiers who fought on the Height and our beloved people who devoted themselves to aiding them are also proud heroes of our era.

The immutable services rendered by them will be remembered for ages to come. They are recorded in letters of gold in the history of our country.

Ten years have already elapsed since the Fatherland Liberation War ended in a historic victory for us with the armistice. During the period, the northern part of the Republic, under the wise leadership of the Party and the leader, healed war damages in a short space of time and have built a paradise of socialism. Our fatherland, however, still remains partitioned.

The U.S. wolves, lording it over the southern part of our fatherland, and behaving like masters, are laying obstacle in the way of reunification and independence of our country.

Our people have before them a weighty, honourable revolutionary task of driving out the U.S. imperialists from the southern part of our country and achieving the reunification.

Should the enemy attempt another reckless play with fire, he cannot escape destruction before the powerful armed forces of our People's Army which has been strengthened and developed into a mighty cadre army under the profound solicitude of the Party.



ALWAYS STANDING IN THE VAN OF THE BATTLES

Jung Byung Kap

(1)

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, a revolutionary steeled and tested in the long-protracted anti-Japanese armed struggle, was a man of lofty character, which was brought into full play after the August 15th Liberation (1945) in the course of serving the great cause of building up the country, and particularly, during the whole course of the Fatherland Liberation War.

After the country's liberation Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, under the guidance of Marshal Kim Il Sung, devoted his all to promote the organizational and ideological consolidation of our Party, to build up, develop and strengthen the people's armed forces, first as the brigade commander of railway guards, then of the People's Army.

The aggressive U.S. imperialists, the sworn enemy of the Korean people, who had found their way to South Korea, made a surprise armed invasion against the northern part of our country on June 25, 1950.

The entire Korean people, men and officers of the People's Army rose up as one to annihilate the enemy in defence of the freedom and independence of their dear fatherland, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, to

release their parents, brothers and sisters groaning in South Korea and to reunify the country under the banner of our Republic.

The main task of our front-line counter-attacking troops at the beginning of the war was to isolate the enemy forces deployed along the 38th parallel from those concentrated south and southwest of Hoingsung, Wonjoo, Richun and Soowon. With this in view, our troops had to approach Seoul from the northwest, north, southeast, and south. They were then to encircle and annihilate the enemy's main units in the region of Seoul, and liberate Seoul and many other towns north of the Han River.

Our main troops directed their thrust at Uijung-boo and Seoul from Ryunchun and Chulwon, that is, from the left flank of the western front, for the enemy's main forces were concentrated in the north of Seoul, the administrative centre of Syngman Rhee and his accomplices.

The task devolved upon Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo's combined tank unit was to act in co-ordination with the combined infantry units in the Shineupri-Seoul area, liberate Uijungboo and create favourable conditions for our side to encircle and rout the enemy's main forces in the north of and around Seoul.

To acquit himself creditably of his assignment, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo resolved to take a bold step in strict adherence to the excellent strategic and operational plans of Comrade Supreme Commander.

His plan was to direct the main thrust toward the highway between Pochun and Uijungboo, while leading his unit, divided into two columns, into battle in the areas of Moonryehyun, Kijiri, Bisigol, and Kooryong Pass areas to encircle and annihilate enemy's main troops in the Pochun area and on the Shineupri plain. Then he was to liberate Uijungboo, the next objective of the division, by fierce mobile actions and decisive blows.

Meanwhile the enemy, who had been frustrated in the reckless attack on the northern part of our country, brought his operational reserve corps of three divisions and even his H.Q. units to the left bank of the Rimjin River as well as to the Uijungboo area and attempted to arrest the advance of our troops by those reinforced battle groups. For all his desperate attempts, however, the enemy could not check our tanks and main troops advancing like an iron flood.

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo always commanded the battles, standing in the vanguard.

And the men under him, true soldiers of our Party, who inherited the glorious revolutionary traditions of the anti-Japanese partisans and were boundlessly loyal to the Party, the fatherland and the people, kept marching southward at a rapid pace filled with burning hatred, holding back enemy's persistent resistance.

Under the powerful support of the artillery, our main units routed the enemy forces which put up persistent resistance in the Dongdoochun-Pochun area and steadily pressed hard on Uijungboo from three sides, northeast, north and northwest. The panic-stricken enemy hurriedly reinforced the defences of Uijungboo by dispatching troops of the puppet Second Infantry Division.

Thus the battle around Uijungboo was expected to become fiercer.

Our tank units, encountering the enemy's strong resistance a little way from Uijungboo, could not move a step forward.

Fierce fire was exchanged between our side and the enemy. The enemy had built pill-boxes and planted a field of various mines along the highway leading to Seoul. The enemy continuously blew up bridges and pounded the roads in a frantic attempt to hinder the operations of our tanks and mechanized units. On top of that, a heavy rain storm greatly hampered us in our recco activities, in res-

toring roads and bridges and removing obstacles in the way.

However, we could not relax our attack for a minute, even for a second. It was imperative for us promptly to tide over this critical and difficult situation.

"Comrade Brigade Commander, permit us to go and smash enemy's pill-boxes! We will clear away the obstacles," said the tankmen.

"Don't be in such a hurry!" answered Brigade Commander Ryoo Kyung Soo. "Hurrying won't help us. If you eat your bread too fast, it would stick in your throat. The more urgent the situation is, the more you must exercise patience." With these words, the brigade commander began to size up the situation seriously.

Each of us tankmen gazed at Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo's face drawn with concentration.

"The enemy's firing is so heavy that it will be impossible for us to clear the minefield by hand. We must use tanks." Thinking in this vein, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo told us: "The arrogant enemy shall be given a lesson. Having hurriedly gone over to the defensive the enemy must have had time only to bury anti-infantry mines. You just wait and see..."

"See what?" We wondered. Now Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo gave us detailed instruction and expressed his resolve to lead the battle in one of the advance tanks.

His lofty character and fearlessness in such critical situation was a powerful inspiration to all of us.

"Comrades, follow me!" he rolled out the command, turning to the commanders of tank units. Then, tumbling into the cab of the head tank, rushed at full speed, leading the assault through the rain of bullets and shell explosions. Following him, our tanks advanced with a thunderous roar, defying mines.

Meanwhile we were to cover the tanks by concentrating fire on the enemy.

Now we saw him, who held dear each of his men, personally clearing the dangerous obstacles away. Moved by his deep comradely love and noble character as a commander who had been trained and educated by Comrade Kim Il Sung and steeled in the long-protracted anti-Japanese armed struggle, all the tankmen rushed ahead, firmly determined to emulate him in delivering a crushing blow to the enemy.

In the face of our tanks advancing under cover of a heavy artillery barrage and the high-spirited battle-cries of our infantrymen, the enemy, frozen with terror, did not know which way to turn.

“Wipe out the enemy to the last man! Give them a bloodbath of revenge!” The voice of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo communicated by radio imparted fresh courage to our men.

The prudent determination and bold manoeuvre of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo enabled us to pass through the critical situation.

Now our tanks and infantrymen were steadily pressing on Uijungboo.

The panic-stricken enemy attempted to blow up the bridge in the Keumori area. Informed of this, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo ordered his unit to keep in hot pursuit of the enemy, allowing him not a moment to breathe.

Thus, delivering a decisive blow to the fleeing enemy, we under the command of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, occupied a point where the road forked, one leading to Dongdcochun and the other to Pochun. This created a favourable condition for our main units to deliver a fatal blow to the enemy.

Thus, with the powerful assistance of the tank units, our infantry units of the main force, acting in accordance with the plan of operations drawn up by Comrade

Supreme Commander, completely smashed the plan of the enemy who had put up such desperate resistance in the Uijungboo area, and liberated it at one stroke.

Our victory in this area opened a favourable phase for the forthcoming operations of our units for liberating Seoul.

Thrown into confusion by the rapid advance of our combined units along the whole front, and especially, having suffered a fatal blow by our units that constituted the main forces, the enemy became more furious in their attempt to defend Seoul, while putting up a desperate resistance in the Moonsan area.

The enemy concentrated in the Miari Pass area the puppet "metropolitan" division and the remnants of the six divisions battered in the preceding battles as well as the puppet police and gendarmes in Seoul City, for the vain purpose of building the so-called "iron defence line."

The Yankee planes came to support the puppet army units, strafing our fighting units without interruption.

As the liberation of Seoul drew nearer, the war situation became more complicated. And in the decisive battle for the liberation of Seoul, too, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo displayed a stubborn and indomitable fighting spirit. He personally arranged operations and made preparations so as to execute with credit the plan of the Supreme Headquarters, which called for the combined units heading for Kimpo and Yungdeungpo in the west to speed up their offensives and the main attacking forces to make prompt frontal and flank attacks so as to encircle and annihilate the enemy's main force before they strengthened the defences of Seoul.

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo explained to all the commanding officers of the company and upward about the operational plan of the Supreme Headquarters for liberating Seoul, and about the importance of carrying out

the immediate combat assignment of the combined units. He also recalled to their minds the content of Marshal Kim Il Sung's radio speech addressed to the entire people, men and officers of the People's Army.

"Comrade Supreme Commander pointed out," he said, "that the People's Army is a genuine army of the people which was born of the people and is serving in the interests of the fatherland and the people.

"He then appealed to us men and officers of the People's Army to fight to the last in the sacred war in defence of the independence and freedom of the fatherland. Now let's fight bravely in the battle for Seoul so as not to betray the expectations of Comrade Supreme Commander..."

According to what was discussed at the meeting of the commanding officers of the company and upward, commanders and political instructors brought home to the soldiers the gist of Marshal Kim Il Sung's address, thereby raising further their fighting spirit.

Thus the battle for Seoul was commenced amidst the high morale of our fighters.

At dawn of June 28, our tankmen and mechanized infantrymen broke through at a stroke the Miari line, the "last defence line of Seoul" much boasted by the enemy, and entered Seoul.

In this battle Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo commanded with credit our mechanized units and tanks. A fierce fight ensued in every part of the city. The remnants of the defeated enemy resisted desperately locking themselves in large buildings. At the same time, the enemy's planes stepped up their bombing and strafing.

Under the command of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo we rushed at the enemy, giving him no breathing spell and, routing the die-hard enemy soldiers, immediately occupied the puppet "central government office" and radio station.

Our tankmen advancing in the van hoisted the national flag of the D.P.R.K. on the building of the "central government office", and, occupying the Sudaimoon prison and Dongdaimoon Police Station, released countless patriots and innocent people imprisoned there.

At 11:30 on June 28, Seoul was completely liberated.

And in this battle for liberating Seoul, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo rendered distinguished services, commanding with credit the 105th Tank Brigade.

In recognition of the distinguished merit, the 105th Tank Brigade was promoted to the rank of a division on July 5, 1950, and was honoured with the title of the 105th Seoul Guards Tank Division.

Southward, southward! Our tanks and combined infantry units continued their southward advance.

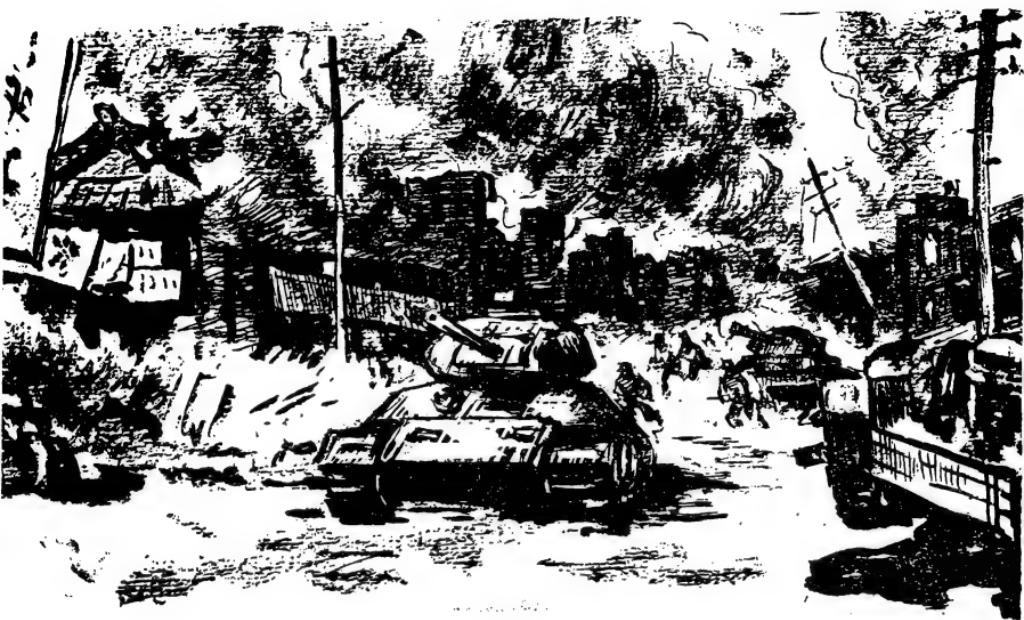
In July 1950 our tank units in close co-ordination with the combined infantry units made straight for Taejon.

The tank units commanded by Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo reached the Keum River on the designated date. But there they ran into difficulties.

The enemy, whose forward units had been routed by our combined units in the north of Osan and who had suffered a heavy loss in the Chunan and Juneui areas, hurriedly concentrated their remnants and the main force of the U.S. 24th Division on the opposite bank of the Keum River.

The enemy destroyed the bridge over the Keum River and reinforced the sector with guns of various calibres, calling it the "line of no retreat" or the "last line of defence."

To make matters worse, the river was swollen owing to the heavy rains which had lasted for weeks. The tankmen felt quite bewildered gazing at the turbulent muddy water.



Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo who had previously swum across the river together with the infantry combined unit, could understand the bewilderment of the tankmen.

"They are yet to accumulate experience in crossing such a big river. I must show them by example." So thinking, he jumped into the overflowing river together with the members of the sapper recco party.

He began to swim back across the swirling river, stopping now and then to sound the depth.

"Someone is swimming across the river," a cry rang out among the tankmen who were studying how to ford the river. They stared at the swimmers, but could not identify them as it was a pitch-dark night. They only guessed them to be sappers who were charged with the task of ensuring the river crossing of the tanks. They were ex-

pecting to hear from the sappers about the depth and the configuration of the river bed.

But to their great surprise, one of the swimmers turned out to be Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, their divisional commander.

"Comrade Divisional Commander!" they shouted, but could not continue, for their hearts were too full for words.

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo asked his reliable tankmen, "Where are your commanders?"

Comrade Kim Yong Jai, the Battalion Chief of Staff came running to report. Having heard the report, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo asked: "No casualties? What about the preparations for the river crossing? Have you all finished your supper? Is there anyone who is tired out?"

"All is in good order. Nobody is tired out. And we are hurrying with preparations..."

Then Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, grasping the greasy hand of a driver, encouraged each of the tankmen, asking about their conditions:

"Comrades, we fought bravely in the battle for Seoul, so let's fight one more brave battle for Taejon..."

These words of the divisional commander who personally commanded the crossings of the Han River, swimming back and forth amidst the rain of enemy bullets, deeply moved the tankmen. They were struck once more by the noble character of their commander. And under his command, the tankmen completed the river crossing preparations in quick time.

"Follow me! I'll go first in the head tank," said Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo.

However, the other commanders and tankmen also volunteered to cross the river first.

"I know about the depth and bed of this river better than you do. Don't worry about me, and just follow me!" said Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo getting in one of the tanks. The tankmen knew well that the divisional com-

mander could not be dissuaded, so they reconciled themselves to follow him in silence.

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo crossed the turbulent Keum River along the course he himself reconnoitred in advance, followed by other tanks.

Early next morning the tankmen who had crossed the Keum River under the personal command of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo advanced towards Taejon, annihilating one enemy battalion which resisted in the Yoosung area.

But they had to stop at a point some 4 kilometres from Taejon, encountering a destroyed bridge on the road. There was no detour, all around being marshes.

Informed of this, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo personally analyzed the whole situation and instructed them to build a road for the tanks by laying tree branches, and in this, he personally began to carry and lay the wood.

The tankmen tried to stop him from working, but in vain. He worked harder than the tankmen themselves, saying that "The more hands, the less burden."

Thus a new road was built in a short time.

The tankmen advanced in the direction of Taejon city, tightening the noose around the trapped enemy. Surmounting all difficulties and bottlenecks, our tank units commanded by Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo annihilated in co-ordination with the combined infantry units the U.S. 24th Division in the city of Taejon.

Later the 105th Seoul Guards Tank Division led by Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo also delivered fatal blows to the enemy in the battles around Kimchun and on the Rakdong River.

The Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly of the D.P.R.K., in recognition of the distinguished services he, as a talented military man, rendered to the Party, fatherland and the people, conferred upon him the title of Hero of the D.P.R.K., the highest honour of a citizen.

(2)

An able military commander, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo rendered immortal and distinguished services not only in winning victory in the first campaign of the Fatherland Liberation War; he also commanded with credit his army unit in the period of the active position defence.

From the very beginning of the armistice negotiations which started in the summer of 1951, the enemy with the intention of deliberately delaying and scuttling the talks made open preparations for a new offensive so as to extend their aggressive war.

The enemy, while reinforcing the areas under their occupation and laying obstacles along the whole front, conducted proving attacks and local skirmishes against the strategical points along the line of our defences. They wanted to occupy favourable strategic points for their future offensives.

Our units, however, checking and frustrating the enemy's combat reconnaissance and repeated attacks on each occasion, inflicted upon them huge losses in manpower and combat materiel.

The enemy would not draw lessons from their repeated defeats, however, and beginning with August of the same year made frantic preparations for the so-called "summer offensive" in the eastern and central sectors of the front.

The enemy's plan was to break through the defences of the combined units of the People's Army in Biari, north of Yanggoo in the eastern sector, and in Kajunri, north of Rinje; to "rout" our forces at Ipori, the confluence of enemy's two attacking forces, and then to further extend the war to the north.

At that time, troops under the army unit commanded by Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, who had been recently

transferred here from another sector of the front, were occupying the whole Suhuiri and the Sintanri areas. Their positions were not yet built completely and the communication and other trenches were destroyed several times a day owing to the floods and bombings.

Our troops had to beat back the persistent assaults of the enemy relying on their fox-holes, shelters and communication trenches inundated after the heaviest rains in thirty years. Tiny streams in the valleys and gorges became big rivers around 50 metres wide, hindering our defensive troops in their actions.

Moreover, the supply lines were cut off and contact with the commanding staff became difficult in some sectors.

The enemy attempted a fresh attack taking advantage of the difficult situation of our troops. However it proved short-lived. Marshal Kim Il Sung, our beloved Supreme Commander, foresaw that the enemy's main attack would be concentrated on the eastern sector of the front. Consequently, he ordered the frontline units to intensify their defensive measures.

In response to Supreme Commander's orders, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, while reinforcing the artillery of the defensive units in the main direction of attack, took all effective measures to rapidly build defensive positions and further step up defensive activities.

The enemy charged 15-20 times a day with the artillery and air support to capture Height 748.9 north of Kajunri. But the fighters under the command of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, upholding the words of Comrade Supreme Commander not to surrender even an inch of land to the enemy, held their post to the last, dealing fatal blows to the enemy, with their sharp marksmanship and brave countercharges.

In the "summer offensive," which lasted from August 18 to September 18, the enemy lost over 78,000 men and

officers.

The enemy could not but admit their ignominious defeat and deplored that the "summer offensive" of Van Fleet was the wrong move against the wrong enemy at the wrong place and time.

Having frustrated the enemy's "summer offensive" in a short time, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo came to take full initiative and further intensified actions along the defensive positions.

Upholding Comrade Supreme Commander's orders to strengthen the positive defence, he personally organized snipers', mobile heavy machine-gunners', aircraft-hunting, and tank-hunting groups, as well as various storming parties to destroy enemy's tanks and storm their command posts, barracks, dug-outs and gun positions, thereby striking terror of death into their hearts.

The storm against Height 854.1 by the unit led by Jo Dong Chul, Hero of the D.P.R.K., the storm against Height 811.7 and that against "Battalion Commander Height" were battles which Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo personally planned and directed in accordance with the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy and ensure the victory of our side.

Whenever I think of these battles, I am deeply convinced that Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo was not only a bold and resourceful military commander but also a simple and modest man who always shared the sweets and bitters with his men.

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo set up his command post near the firing line. Though busy in directing and organizing battles, he managed to find considerable time to spend with the soldiers, satisfying their needs.

One day in late August 1951, we were holding back the enemy's desperate "summer offensive," when Com-

rade Ryoo Kyung Soo, who had assuaged his hunger with an ear of maize, approached as usual one of our fox-holes with his orderly. It was just after a battle and powder-smoke was still lingering over the trenches, where the combatants were engaged in repairing work.

"Comrades, how are things with you? Let me join you! The more hands, the merrier—," said Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, entering the trench. Soon he began to work with a sapper's spade which he had snatched from the hand of a young soldier of short stature, dubbing him a little kid.

"Let me do it!" the bewildered soldier implored over and again.

But he would not return the soldier his spade. "Take a rest and save your energy," he said. "Aren't you going to fight back the enemy when they come up again?"

Having finished the work of digging communication trenches and fox-holes, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo said: "Now let's inspect the work we've done!" Then walking along the trenches followed by the soldiers, he pointed to a few shortcomings.

Reaching a light machine-gun nest, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo asked the fighters to sit in a circle around it, and drawing on his experience he had accumulated as a veteran machine-gunner during the period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, instructed them as to how to correct their shortcomings.

At that time, the gunners and assistant gunners of the light machine-guns realized that they had paid little attention to the reserve emplacement and co-ordination between guns. Pointing out these defects, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo told them that it was very important to use effectively the light machine-gun, a powerful weapon of the squad, for victory in the battle and, piling earth high on the protecting mound left of the gun site, measured the height with his spade.

"At least this much earth is necessary as a shield from enemy bullets," he said. The soldiers felt themselves blushing at his words, realizing their superficial way of thinking. At this juncture, loud singing came floating from the left of the height along the trenches.

The courageous soldiers never forgot to sing under any difficult conditions, nor did they forget to dance even in the trenches.

The song of battle, the song of victory, coming along the trenches was soon joined by many voices. Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo, too, sang with the soldiers.

"Comrades, singing in the trenches wrapped in powder smoke, I cannot but recollect the past. It happened some 20 years ago at Peishetan in Fusung. Under the severe conditions in which we had to fight the Japanese who were tightening their double and treble encirclements we partisans sang, danced or staged a play on the makeshift stage set up in the thick forests. This enabled us anti-Japanese partisans to rise up with redoubled strength to annihilate the enemy. Particularly, the song of "Arirang" reverberating over the Chiensanfen where a decisive battle was raging between us and the Japanese imperialist 'punitive troops', struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. — Yes, a militant song is a source of fresh courage..."

The fighters were all in high spirits.

Even if they ran out of bullets or handgrenades in the severe battle, they never lost confidence in victory and, singing the "Song of General Kim Il Sung" and military songs, routed the enemy by rolling rocks over him.

The desperate "summer and autumn offensives" of the murderous General Ridgway were thus frustrated by our fighters united as one.

The unit under the command of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo gloriously safeguarded the fatherland to the last, fighting in accordance with the strategical and operational plans of Comrade Supreme Commander.

Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo thus made a great contribution to ensuring final victory in the war by skillfully commanding units and combined units in numberless large and small battles as a divisional commander during the first campaign, then as the commander of an army corps in the period of positive position defence.

In the postwar period, too, Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo as the frontline commander accomplished great exploits in firmly safeguarding socialist construction and in strengthening and developing the People's Army into a cadre army.

As an ardent patriot and staunch Communist, he devoted his whole life to the noble revolutionary struggle for the freedom and independence of the fatherland and for the cause of socialism.

A member of the Central Committee of the Workers' Party of Korea and deputy to the Supreme People's Assembly of the D.P.R.K., he fought to the end of his life to see the organizational and ideological consolidation of the Party and the strengthening and development of the people's power and faithfully implemented the line and policies of the Party and the Government.

He set us an example of a noble character as a Communist who was boundlessly loyal to the interests of our Party and revolution throughout his life and fought uncompromisingly with the class enemies.

We cherish the name of Comrade Ryoo Kyung Soo — the faithful and brave son of our Party.

He left this world without seeing the reunification of the country and the completion of socialist construction for which he had cherished such ardent aspiration and fought so many bloody battles.

Though he is no more with us, his ardent revolutionary spirit and noble aspiration, together with his great exploits, will live for ever in the hearts of the entire Korean people and men and officers of our People's Army.



FOR THE SAKE OF HIS ONLY FATHERLAND

Jang Suk Hoon

During the Fatherland Liberation War (June 1950-July 1953), many Heroes of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea emerged from among the ranks of the Korean People's Army. Among them are Li Soo Bok and other soldiers who silenced the enemy machine-guns with their own breasts to secure a safe advance of their comrades-in-arms.

The great exploits of Li Soo Bok, who gave his life to the country at the age of 19, are known to many foreigners.

Many poets, writers and composers of the country sang of his life and lofty morality. And the Soonchun Senior Middle School where Li Soo Bok had studied is now called the Soonchun Li Soo Bok Higher Chemical School. Many school classes, workteams and shock brigades throughout the country had the honour to be called after his name.

Like many youths of the country who took up arms in their school days when the war was unleashed by the U.S. imperialists, Li Soo Bok, too, volunteered for service and went to the front to safeguard the freedom and inde-

pendence of the fatherland. He became a squad leader and fought on the eastern front.

* * *

In 1951, after an ignominious defeat in their "spring offensive," the enemy planned another offensive, an "autumn offensive," to recover their defeat. To this end, they made desperate attempts to drive a wedge between our eastern and central fronts. It was the enemy's plan to break through our defence positions on Height 1,211 and its neighbouring areas and push their line up to the 39th parallel linking Pyongyang and Wonsan. And the U.S. imperialists kept pouring fresh regiments and divisions to make a series of stubborn attacks.

One foggy night the enemy tried by stealth to encircle a hill which one platoon of the People's Army was guarding. But Kwon Hyuk Chan, the platoon leader, knew what the enemy was intending to do. Having entrusted Li Soo Bok, first squad leader, with the command of his platoon, Kwon Hyuk Chan set out to penetrate behind the enemy line taking a few men with him.

Li Soo Bok, who kept gazing at the advancing enemy soldiers in the dark, suddenly gave the order: "Fire!" Now the enemy was frightened. Sensing that their movements were known to us, the enemy artillery began to fire back. This was exactly what Li Soo Bok wanted. He wanted to divert the attention of the enemy so as to cover the platoon leader and his men who had gone behind the enemy line.

Our men, now behind the enemy defence line, began to climb up the hill on the heels of the enemy soldiers. And the enemy took our men for their men, and our men reached the waist of the hill.

Suddenly the detached party led by the platoon leader began to fire automatics mowing down the enemy soldiers all around. The enemy soldiers were too late to realize that they were completely surrounded by our men. The panic-stricken enemy began to flee, leaving many corpses behind them.

A few days later Li Soo Bok learned from one of the prisoners that the enemy called the hill our men were holding "Heartbreak Ridge." The enemy gave that name because their hearts broke at the sight of this formidable height which stood ever firmly against their repeated attacks only causing heavy losses to them. This story imparted great courage to our defenders of the hill.

"I must further kindle their enhanced fighting spirits," thought Li Soo Bok and jotted down his feelings in his memo-book: "The young men of the land! Let us follow the example of the Party members and fight bravely! Let us avenge the death of our comrades-in-arms who fell in action! Let us be worthy of the soldiers of the Party and the leader and hit the enemy even if we die a thousand and one times!"

These words of Li Soo Bok served to kindle the heart of every fighter with a lofty spirit. All soldiers added their words to those of Li Soo Bok pledging themselves that they would be loyal to the fatherland and the people. Then they put down their signatures.

* * *

One day Li Soo Bok was assigned by the Headquarters with the task of capturing an enemy soldier, a "tongue" as they put it in the army.

Li Soo Bok and another soldier went behind the enemy line along the valley strewn with dead bodies of enemy soldiers. They walked cautiously under cover of

the night until they reached a small brook. There they stopped to drink their fill.

"How refreshing the water of my fatherland is!" thought Li Soo Bok. Yes, he remembered the clear water of his native village—Keumchun-ri in Soonchun county.

Then past events flashed across his mind one after another. It was one year since he bade goodbye to his dear parents, brothers and sisters as well as to his old school. He pledged then that he would not return home until the enemy was routed. He remembered what his mother and father said when he left: "Come back as a victor! Never yield to the enemy even one inch of the territory of our fatherland and guard the people's power which has ensured us such a happy life!"

Thinking in this vein, Soo Bok took hold of a young pine tree by the brook in a casual manner. On Height 1,211 where everything was burned out, not a single pine tree was to be found. He uprooted the pine tree and carefully put it in his knapsack. Somewhile later they succeeded in capturing a U.S. soldier on a narrow mountain pass.

Their comrades-in-arms sent up a shout of joy when they saw Li Soo Bok and another soldier bringing a "tongue" with them.

"And here is another present to you, comrades," said Li Soo Bok, taking out the pine tree from his knapsack.

The pine was the topic on the height. Soldiers talked about it. Some said: "What a fellow! He brings with him a pine tree in times like these." Then another remarked: "He is not an ordinary guy, you know. And this is not a mere pine tree. I think, this is a poetry, a living poetry he has brought us."

Our men planted the pine in the trench and they looked after it with much care.



* * *

The enemy became more desperate in their attempt to take Height 1,211. Should this height fall into the enemy's hands, a grave danger would threaten our entire front.

A hill to the northeast of the nameless ridge near Height 1,211 had to be captured at any cost. Unless this hill was taken, the points of strategic importance around Height 1,211 would become very dangerous. An early capture and maintaining of the hill were indispensable for keeping Height 1,211 in our hands. On October 30 the platoon to which Li Soo Bok belonged was ordered to take the hill from the enemy.

The platoon started to attack the hill at 1:30 in the night. Unexpectedly the first snow began to fall. Our men climbed up the hill and they were not far from the summit. They were about to charge the enemy's position, when the enemy opened fire furiously. They were spotted by the enemy on account of the snow though it was night. Attack by many persons in that particular case proved unfavorable. Our men were compelled to retreat to the spot where they had started out. There they called an open Party cell meeting.

Burning with indignation Li Soo Bok said: "There is no unconquerable fortress for us. Let us smash all the enemy bunkers! I propose to form storming parties."

His words got immediate response from the soldiers, and every one of them volunteered to join the storming party.

At last platoon leader Kwon Hyuk Chan expressed his determination: "I have made up my mind to organize two storming parties in order that we may hoist the flag of our fatherland on the hill to the northeast of the nameless ridge. I will lead one party which will consist of Joo

Man Yung, Ko Yung Hwa and Kim Il Yung. Our party will climb up the hill from the right and smash the enemy bunker there, and the other party will be led by Li Soo Bok, the squad leader. He will have Kwon Man Sup, Bak Seung Moon and Choi Yung Soo with him. They will take the left course and smash the bunker there. Then the rest of you will start to climb up to the waist of the hill under the command of the second platoon leader and charge when I give a signal..."

Before setting out for their combat task after the meeting, the members of the two storming parties wrote a resolution and put their signatures.

The resolution read in part: "...We go to a decisive battle to smash the enemy bunkers and open a passage for our company. No bullet, no shell of the enemy, nor danger to our lives will check our advance. We firmly vow to the dear fatherland and Marshal Kim Il Sung, our beloved leader, that we will unhesitatingly sacrifice our young lives, happiness and love, and everything else we have for the victory. Long live the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, our dear fatherland!"

The snow stopped falling as Li Soo Bok and his men began crawling towards the enemy bunker, braving the enemy's stray bullets, flare bombs and shells. When they reached a point some 10 metres from their target, Li Soo Bok called a halt to his comrades and raised his head. Just at this juncture the enemy's heavy machine-guns began to bark. They crawled up some way again, when the crackling of heavy machine-guns on the right side suddenly stopped following a loud explosion. Li Soo Bok knew that the first storming party succeeded in smashing the bunker on the right.

More than ever, Li Soo Bok felt heavy responsibility. He raised his head again. The enemy's heavy machine-guns which were kept silent for a moment began to fire again. Now, Li Soo Bok thought, there was little doubt

that they were spotted by the enemy. He threw his hand-grenade promptly at the enemy while crawling forward.

Enemy fire became fierce after a brief silence. Soo Bok threw another handgrenade but with little success.

Then the charge by our men was heard at the right. There was no time to lose, thought Soo Bok. Suddenly rising to his feet he rushed towards the enemy's bunker.

Next moment he fell to the ground, doubling his body. He was wounded. But Soo Bok rose again, mustering all his strength, and dashed toward the enemy. "Forward! Forward! Comrades!" Shouting thus he blocked the embrasure of the enemy bunker with his own breast.

* * *

Since then the hill to the northeast of the nameless ridge had been held firmly by our men, and defenders of Height 1,211 came to be covered by our men from the flank. For all the great quantities of their war materials and their villainous method of warfare, the enemy could not break through this line.

Li Soo Bok will live forever in the hearts of the Korean people. After the battle, a note-book was found in his pocket, which contained a passage he had written just before setting out as a member of the storming party: "I am a youth of liberated Korea. Life is precious to me. So is my hope for the brilliant future. However, my life, my hope and my happiness are not so valuable as the fate of my fatherland. Nothing is more glorious, beautiful, blissful than to dedicate my only life to our only and one fatherland."



HERO KANG HO YUNG

Kim Soon

Our combatants defending the Kamak Hill had repulsed the mercenaries of U.S. imperialism 18 times. Then a spell of ominous silence ensued.

Squad leader Kang Ho Yung lost no time in looking round his men and encouraging them to prepare for a fresh battle.

"Comrades," he said, "we have carried out our battle duties with honour for two days now. The American mercenaries outnumbering us scores of times have attacked us 18 times. Nevertheless, we have not yielded even an inch of land to the enemy. Now, we have only a little ammunition left. We have little hope of getting reinforcements. But, comrades, we must hold this hill at all costs until our main unit cuts off the retreat of the enemy and arrives here..."

Squad leader Kang Ho Yung, though seriously wounded in the right arm and head, showed concern for his men. His indomitable fighting spirit exerted a powerful influence on all the fighters, inspiring courage in their hearts.

Soon, the squad was again under the attack of the enemy. The hill was showered with bombs, shells and

smoke-shells, and the trenches were enveloped in powder smoke in no time.

The squad leader collected himself and tried to ascertain the enemy's movements. But in the trenches where one could not see even an inch ahead, it was utterly impossible to find out anything.

The situation was critical. The enemy might storm us like mad dogs under cover of smoke screen, he thought to himself. We might be taken by surprise by the enemy overpowering us dozens of times, if we remain sitting here without knowing the movements of the enemy. What would be the results? There was no time to lose.

Kang Ho Yung darted up to the hill-top braving the rain of splinters of bombs and shells.

From there he could get a view of the surroundings. The upper half of the hill, from the mid-slope to the trenches, was shrouded in heavy smoke. The enemy soldiers were still huddled together in their positions at the foot of the hill.

Soon, U.S. mercenaries no less than 200 strong, spear-headed by Negro soldiers, started climbing up the ridge

It was clear that the enemy's attempt was to break through our defence line by frontal attack under cover of smoke-screen.

"Comrades, a company of enemy soldiers... to break through our defence line by a frontal attack..." Suddenly a shell from an enemy tank exploded nearby and the cry of the squad leader stopped.

"Comrade squad leader!"

His men did not notice him climbing up the ridge, and so it was quite unexpected for them to hear his voice from there. His men called their leader impatiently, but there was no answer. The squad leader had fallen, heavily wounded in both legs.



He came to himself when he was put on a stretcher and his men were going to send him to the hospital in the rear. Sensing this, he resolutely refused: "No, take me off this stretcher!"

His men knew that although he was usually mild, he would go through fire and water to do what he thought was right. They did not insist but complied with his request.

Taken off the stretcher, Kang Ho Yung, with his automatic in his bosom, began to crawl using his sound left arm, leaving a trail of blood in the trenches. Thus he went from trench to trench telling his men the movement of the enemy and where to shoot and throw hand-grenades.

He seemed to be well content with being still able to fight. At this moment there flashed through his mind the stirring sight of the day when the country was liberated from the Japanese imperialist rule under which he had been compelled to work as a hired hand for the greedy landlord, subjected to unbearable maltreatment, of the day when he joined the People's Army and first put on the army uniform, and of the day when he joined the glorious Workers' Party of Korea while serving at the front after the war began. And he saw in his mind's eye the image of warm-hearted Marshal Kim Il Sung and the waving flag of our Republic.

90 metres, 80 metres and 70 metres, the enemy was closing in.

"Open fire! Don't allow a single enemy soldier to escape!"

His men began to cut down the enemy. Squad leader Kang Ho Yung hit one enemy soldier after another, though he was injured seriously in the left arm, too.

He bled copiously. His strength failed him and he sank down to the ground. But, he could not lie quiet.

“You devils!”

He pulled himself together and managed to rise to his feet by bracing his shoulder against the wall of the trench.

The enemy soldiers were already near the trenches. Our fighters mowed down the on-coming enemy, but U.S. mercenaries moved desperately on in fear of the “supervising army’s” bullets from behind. The handgrenades of the enemy began to fly into the trenches. Our soldiers snatched them up before they exploded and threw them at the enemy. A tense battle went on. The squad leader clenched his teeth at the on-coming enemy. But, there was no help. He was fatally wounded all over his body, but still undaunted.

“Comrades, we should not yield an inch of land to the enemy!” with these words he rolled into the midst of the enemy holding a handgrenade in his left hand. He disconnected the safety-pin of the handgrenade with his teeth. The handgrenade exploded and a batch of enemy soldiers fell. Before perishing, he shouted: “Long live the Workers’ Party of Korea!” “Long live Marshal Kim Il Sung!”

“Let’s avenge our squad leader hundred-fold and thousand-fold!”

His men hurled themselves out of the trenches for a decisive battle. At this moment the stampeded enemy began to flee, leaving piles of dead bodies. Blue signal shots telling of the attack of our combined units flew up into the glowing evening sky drawing a parabola. The thunderous roar of our guns shook the hill foretelling victory for our fighters.



BURNING HEART

(Story of signal man Kim Ki Hak)

The phone rang noisily in the dug-out. The battalion commander, who, covered with dust, had been carefully looking out ahead across the defence line, took up the receiver, coming to attention as he did whenever he received orders from his superiors.

"Yes this is the battalion commander speaking," he said in a loud voice. A tense expression appeared on his face.

"Yes, I can hear... ah!" he cried. His voice was mingled with perplexity and vexation. In an instant, the tense look on his face gave way to that of disappointment.

"Ryesunggang, Ryesunggang..." he shouted into the receiver. He went on calling "Ryesunggang", raising his voice.

But, no answer. "Damn it! It's been cut off."

The regiment commander was just about to give him new combat orders when the telephone was cut off. Vexed at it, the battalion commander hung up the receiver dejectedly. Then he turned round and looked at Kim Ki Hak, signal man standing in the dug-out. The signaller, too, looked very much annoyed.

Kim Ki Hak was conscious of the importance of communication which plays the role of the nerve on the battle



field, he held it as dear as his life. Whenever the telephone wire was cut off by enemy shells, he lost no time to dash out and put it right, no matter whether it was in the dead of night, braving the enemy gunfire.

That day the enemy was more desperate, and the line had already been broken off several times. Now another breakdown! Kim Ki Hak darted out of the dug-out and ran along the telephone line, inspecting it carefully.

Enemy guns were firing incessantly to cover the advance of their infantry, and the shells bursting all around him. Splinters flew in all directions giving sickening whiz. Whenever he heard the long drawn-out whizz of an approaching shell, he jumped into a nearby shell-pit or crouched down under a rock. Then he got up again and ran ahead with his head down, his hand feeling the line.

The telephone wire had been cut off at many places. Shell-bursts followed one after the other.

"You bastards, let's see who beats who, your guns or I!" muttering to himself, Kim Ki Hak went on to connect the cut wires.

Soon his reserve wire was running out. But still there were many places to be repaired. He used every small bit of wire scattered there to link the broken line.

Suddery, an enemy shell burst right behind him. He was hit by splinters and fell to the ground, feeling giddy. But he rose to his feet. He was yet to carry out his task, he had to put right the torn telephone wire.

He went on feeling the line and, when he found a breach, he repaired it. But by the time he had reached the last point to repair, there was left not a single inch of wire in reserve.

He looked around for some tiny ends of wire but could find none.

He felt impatient. To return to the battalion and fetch some was quite out of the question. There was no time for

that. He seemed to see before his eyes the battalion and regiment commanders holding the receivers with impatient looks on their faces.

The sense of responsibility brought a serious look over the face of the signaller.

Eventually he made up his mind and pulled out the rifle cleaning rod. He connected it to an end of the wire. But still, the wire was one metre short.

"I must ensure the communication at all costs!" he said to himself and, with a heroic resolve, took the end of the rifle cleaning rod in his right hand and held the end of the telephone wire with his teeth. The electric current was on his body. He had an indescribably unpleasant sensation, somewhat warm and piercing. It was as if the bone were being scraped. Really, it was hard to bear.

In his mind's eye he again saw the annoyed face of the battalion commander and then the figures of the comrades-in-arms waiting impatiently for combat orders in trenches and dug-outs and on the assault line under heavy enemy fire.

"I must hold out to the last!" he cried between his set teeth. He knew well what honourable and important task he was carrying out. He was firmly resolved to fulfil his task honourably by withstanding the severe test.

Enemy guns kept roaring, shells burst and splinters were whishing past. From the wounds all over his body blood trickled down continuously. He almost fainted, but next moment he braced himself up and sat up by putting forth every bit of his energies.

Now, with the wire joined by his own body the combat orders were given out through the telephone, the orders passing through the heart of the signaller. He was firmly determined to keep the communication on, even if it cost him his life. The electric current continued to send a shudder through his body. He endured the pains with

set teeth. His face grew darker. But he held the wire tightly in his mouth.

Combat orders went from the regiment commander to battalion commanders, then to company commanders, and platoon leaders, presently the entire soldiers started action upon the orders.

Kim Ki Hak began to lose his senses. Nevertheless, he did not let go the telephone wire from his teeth.

When, some time after, his comrades-in-arms arrived, they found the signaller more dead than alive. His body was getting cold. They took the rifle clearing rod off his hand and opened his tightly set teeth and took away the wire.

A faint smile of satisfaction appeared on his face. He gathered up all his strength and said: "Comrade squad leader... I... have carried out... my task. I ensured communication..!"

He could speak no more.

(From the book "Warriors Who Fought in Defence of the Fatherland")

★

SEVEN MINUTES' SURPRISE ATTACK

Pak Joon Hwa

Kwanmoo Peak commands many hills that are rising below it as if rivaling each other. Some of the hills are very familiar to me.

During the fierce battles for defending the fatherland from the invasion of the enemy, we fighters had dubbed them the "horse hill," "rock height" and "battalion commander height."

Whenever I picture those mountain peaks in my mind, I always recall the time when we assaulted the "battalion commander height" where the observation post of the enemy battalion commander was situated.

Rising between Height 351 to the east and Height 1,211 to the west, the "battalion commander height" was one of the key tactical points controlling the highway leading from Ipori to Yanggoo and Rinje.

Having concentrated reinforcements, troops and various guns in this area, the enemy was putting up a stubborn defence. He bragged that the height was an "impregnable fortress."

On July 16, 1953, our Fourth Company commanded by Baik Myung Ki, Twice Hero of the D.P.R.K., was given

the important combat order to attack and take the "battalion commander height."

It was raining thick and fast, for the long wet season had set in. Determined to carry out the order of the Party and leader without fail, all the fighters prepared themselves carefully for a surprise attack on the height.

So the night wore on at the front. The fighters set out from the position, led by company commander Baik Myung Ki.

It was pitch dark. We could hardly see even an inch before. The first platoon which I led marched in the van.

In the pouring rain our uniforms and boots were soon dripping wet. We were all soaked to the skin. The path was so bad that we had to halt many a time on the way. But we forced our way forward, picturing in our mind the dauntless anti-Japanese partisans who had fought and defeated the Japanese imperialists, the robbers, for the liberation of the fatherland and freedom and happiness of the people, surmounting all hardships and laying down their lives for the great cause. Thus, we approached the enemy position.

Just as we were about to reach the jumping-off line, enemy planes dropped flare bombs over our heads. The enemy seemed to have sensed something. Then, they started firing at random.

At 21:50, our powerful guns on the Moosan peak opened fire. Backed up by our powerful artillery that pounded the enemy position, our fighters secretly approached the enemy position on the "battalion commander height" with a renewed determination to be boundlessly loyal to the Party and leader. They were all confident of victory.

All the bunkers on the top of the height began spitting fire like mad.

Our artillery shifted its fire from the enemy's forward trench to the top of the height.

At this moment three red signal shots were sent into the sky describing parabolas. They were the long-awaited signal for the charge.

No sooner had the company commander shouted "charge!" at the top of his voice, than our men darted up the hill through the path made by our sappers. My platoon bore the brunt and charged the enemy in front.

Now the enemy pill-boxes on the left ridge of the height started barking in an attempt to check our attack, but in vain.

The enemy resisted desperately, but he was powerless to stop the charge of our fighters, the iron-willed warriors who were resolved to live up to the intention of the Party and leader.

"That accursed spitfires must be destroyed," shouted assistant platoon leader Li Myung Jin, a Party member, as he dashed forward at the head, and the next instant he blew up the outlying heavy machine-gun position of the enemy. Losing no time, my platoon pressed upon the enemy's first trench and made away with all the enemy soldiers there.

The platoon had to charge on the next trench. But the first trench was deeper than a man's height and, at that, it was very muddy and slippery inside, so that our men could not get out of it. Some of them barely managed to obtain footing, but next moment found themselves slipping down to the bottom again. There was no time to lose, though.

At that moment, Jo Heui Kyung, leader of the third squad, leaning forward over the wall of the trench, called to the men:

"Comrades, use my back as a footing and jump out of the trench!"

All were greatly moved by the admirable deed of the squad leader who did not spare himself to secure victory for the unit. One by one, they got out of the trench stepping on his back. When about a dozen men got out of the trench in this way, Baik Yong Soon who had been known as a taciturn man came up to Jo Heui Kyung and asked him to let him take his place. But Heui Kyung did not budge an inch.

Instead, he said:

"Don't worry about me. I've still got enough strength to help a company or a battalion out with my back. Don't worry, I won't let you take my place..."

The squad leader was adamantine, standing firm with his legs wide apart and his lips tightly compressed.

After they rushed the next trench, the men darted up the height brandishing their sub-machine-guns.

The platoon's propagandist Li Dong Heui who was dashing at the head saw enemy soldiers sheltering themselves in a hollow on the left. He instantaneously trained his sub-machine-gun and sent lead into them. Several enemy soldiers fell on their back, screaming. Those who were alive resisted stubbornly, firing at our combatants.

Dong Heui decided he should give a good licking to the enemy, and threw into the hollow an "incendiary handgrenade" which he himself devised. (The hand-grenade was made of a detonator wrapped in gasoline-soaked cotton. When thrown, it starts fire.) He had been carrying it with him to use at a critical moment. The hollow was all afire.

Frightened at the "incendiary handgrenade" which they had never seen before, the enemy soldiers gave up resistance and emerged from the depression, holding up their arms. Dong Heui took ten enemy soldiers prisoner single-handed.

When the members of my platoon were half-way up the height, all of a sudden they were showered with a

rain of bullets from an enemy bunker equipped with two heavy machine-guns. The men had to fall down and lie flat on the ground. Bullets hissed overhead and fell all around.

Lapse of time made the situation more and more unfavourable for us.

"We fighters of the Party, the continuer of the brilliant revolutionary traditions of the anti-Japanese partisans led by Marshal Kim Il Sung," Dong Heui thought, "must not shrink at moments like this. I must support the attack of my platoon at any cost."

Then he made a dash at the enemy's heavy machine-gun position braving the rain of bullets.

Now the enemy concentrated his fire on Dong Heui.

We covered his advance with all our fire. Reaching a point some ten metres off the embrasure of the bunker, Dong Heui took an anti-tank grenade from his side and threw it with all his might.

There was a terrific explosion and the enemy's heavy machine-guns which had been barking like mad became silent.

Dong Heui promptly tied a national flag to his gun and jumped onto the top of the bunker. He waved the flag and shouted: "Charge, comrades! Forward!" His ringing voice reverberated through the air. The combatants ran up the hill at a dash.

Dong Heui who was the first to reach the top hoisted the national flag as he had pledged himself before the Party and leader. Then he shouted loudly:

"Comrades, don't let the enemy flee!"

Looking up the national flag flying on the height, Jo Heui Kyung, third squad leader, darted up from the right side, when he spotted before him an enemy bunker. But oddly enough, the machine-gun looking out of the embrasure was as quiet as dead. He ran single-handed into the bunker at the back door holding his sub-machine-gun



tight on his side. Not a soul was to be seen inside.

He stepped in to take hold of the heavy machine-gun, when he noticed a sign of men's presence beneath the iron plate on the ground.

"You bastards hiding under the iron plate!" he roared, and then, pulled aside the iron plate with a jerk.

When the enemy had seen that they could not hold out, they hid themselves under the iron plate to save their filthy lives. With blankets pulled over their heads, they were huddling together, holding their breath.

"Don't stir!" shouted Heui Kyung in a thunderous voice. "The height is now in our hands. If you want to be spared, come out with your hands up!"

At this, four enemy soldiers, all atremble with fear, removed the blankets from their heads and rose to their

feet, holding up their hands. Thus, Heui Kyung captured them without firing a single shot.

Battle was at its final stage. Hunting-down battle went on all around. The enemy, seeing the height being taken with a rush, attempted a stubborn resistance.

Baik Yong Soon, light machine-gunner of the first squad, showered bullets upon the enemy.

As he was mowing down the enemy mercilessly, the bullet got him in the head and he fell on his face. The rattling of the light machine-gun stopped. Noticing this, Dong Heui who had been fighting alongside rushed to the rescue of Yong Soon.

Yong Soon was lying on the ground, holding his light machine-gun in his arms. Dong Heui raised Yong Soon and called: "Cheer up, assistant squad leader. Keep up your spirits!"

Hearing the voice of Dong Heui, Yong Soon came round and opened his eyes. He said:

"It's a pity to get wounded before wiping out the enemy to the last man. I want you to take this gun and smash the enemy in my place."

Dong Heui took the light machine-gun from him and sent a hail of bullets into the enemy to avenge Yong Soon. The enemy soldiers fell thick and fast under the fire of the light machine-gun.

As the hunting-down action was coming to an end, enemy mortars began shelling from behind the height.

It was clear that if the enemy mortar position was not crushed at once, any further action by our unit would be almost impossible.

So I hurriedly called first squad leader Kim Hyung Ryup and Dong Heui, and gave them an order to do away with the enemy mortars beyond the height.

They climbed down the hill and skirted round to the back side of the height in stealth. By the light of fire,

they could see that there were six mortars. They decided to blow up three mortars each, and crawled their way towards the mortar position.

Coming up close to the mortars, some ten metres away, they threw grenades. They hit the mark with terrific explosions.

Taken by surprise, the enemy was stunned and thrown into utter confusion. Handgrenades flew into the mortar position one after another. Every time the hand-grenade exploded, enemy soldiers fell, giving plaintive screams. Some of them attempted to run away, only to meet with a barrage of machine-gun bullets from our second platoon that had already arrived and cut off the enemy's retreat.

The enemy ran about helter-skelter. Our men rained bullets on them, shouting: "You bastards, come and get your dues!"

The enemy fell, screaming.

Thus, in mere seven minutes after we started the charge we captured the "battalion commander height" which the enemy had bragged as an "impregnable fortress."

"Long live Marshal Kim Il Sung!" Triumphal shouts of our fighters reverberated over the height.



ON THE SNIPERS' HILL

Sin Soon Ok

One cold, snowy day in February 1953, we snipers, 18 in all, went into action on a certain hill, Snipers' Hill as we called it.

We were spurred on in this by our earnest desire to meet the expectations of Comrade Supreme Commander who instructed us to enhance positiveness in the war through extensive activities of the snipers and to cause heavy losses to enemy's manpower.

Snipers' Hill was far lower than Height 351 and a nameless hill south of it held by the enemy. Yet it had the advantage of being near to them, the longest distance between us and the enemy being only 400 metres. Naturally, it commanded a good view of enemy's forward and rear positions which were lying within our effective sniping range. On the first day we did away with over a dozen of enemy soldiers.

The enemy, who suffered heavily in manpower, losing some two platoons of men in a few successive days, resorted then to an artillery barrage. The whole hill was churned up, the rock reduced to atoms and our trenches all levelled out.

Never daunted before the enemy's desperate struggle, however, we snipers set about digging a tunnel through the rocky hill.

At the outset, we had no chisels and the like, but we dug on for a whole month with the tools made by ourselves.

Now the defence works completed, we snipers began to hunt the enemy soldiers, relying on our firmly-built tunnel. Our "note-books of revenge" were gradually filled with entries, recording the number of enemy soldiers killed by each of us, Comrade Bong Hi being the best of us all in the score.

One day, while leafing his note-book, I recalled how I came to know him.

Fighting was raging in the Wonjoo area. We were marching through a snow-covered valley when a boy suddenly appeared from nowhere.

"I want to fight the enemy," the boy said, expressing his wish to join our unit. This boy was later known as Comrade Bong Hi.

Comrade Bong Hi's parents died as tenant farmers in Ryujo County, Kyunggi Province, South Korea, poverty-stricken and exhausted from hard labour enforced by the landlord. And Bong Hi, now an orphan, could not find any other means of living but to serve the same landlord.

Back-breaking toil and constant humiliation by the landlord, however, awakened his class consciousness.

"We must also build a society as soon as possible where there is no rascal living on others' blood..." This thought gradually took a firm root in his mind as he frequently heard his neighbours talk about the society in North Korea where all the people were working joyously, leading decent life and studying to their hearts' content.

A helping hand was extended to him by the People's Army which, advancing in hot pursuit of the routed enemy, came to his village. He made up his mind to join the army so he could help smash the enemy. His wish granted, Comrade Bong Hi in the army found his happiness complete, now studying under the solicitude of the Party, now

fighting under the instructions of the leader. No wonder he devoted his all to carrying out the orders of the Party and the leader.

Loyal to the Party and the leader, he always fought bravely together with us.

Spring came round on the front. We snipers, lying prone at the firing position even before the sun rose, racked our brains as to how to kill more enemy soldiers.

Soon day broke, but the enemy showed no sign of activity. The enemy soldiers probably did not get up, exhausted from the constant harassing activities of our snipers and storming parties.

Comrade Bong Hi, levelling his gun at the enemy's silent embrasure, let out a few staccato bursts of bullets.

The enemy, frightened by this sudden outburst, hurriedly blocked their embrasure with a sheet of iron, then hurried back into their dug-out.

Time slipped by—two hours, three hours, then four hours, yet the enemy seemed to have determined to remain in their dug-out all day long. And we snipers, on our part, waited until the enemy would appear.

Agility and patience were indispensable with the snipers. They were frequently requested to lie on damp ground for hours, even for days until they bagged their game.

It was around midday. Several enemy soldiers were carrying food along the communication trench, but we could see only the tops of their helmets.

Comrade Bong Hi and some of us were closely following the helmets with their guns. Then Bong Hi got a glimpse of the upper body of an enemy who had probably reached a shallow point in the trench. He pulled his trigger, giving the enemy man a bounce before he fell to the ground. The mess tin the man was carrying went rolling down the slope with a clattering noise.

After this the enemy further resolved not to come out in broad daylight, except only in the evening.

We snipers became nervous, lying prone on cold, damp ground from early morning till sunset.

"No point in waiting any longer. Let's try to decoy them!" said Bong Hi. His suggestion was immediately seconded by Comrade Ryong Hak: "That's an idea! Let some of us pretend to dig a trench while others observing the movement of the enemy!"

Acting upon this suggestion, Comrade Bong Hi pretended to dig the ground with his sleeves rolled up, intentionally making plenty of noise.

The enemy, surprised by it, stealthily raised their heads looking towards our side. At the very moment, we snipers, who were all impatiently waiting for a chance, opened a volley of fire. Five or six heads were seen dropping to the bottom of the trench, and one of them, probably wounded, began to scream like mad.

The enemy employed every means to cope with our fire, but we snipers, determined to rout them, never missed a single shot, killing them whenever they were lured out of their dug-out by our delicate tricks.

Thus the enemy lost more than 100 men in a matter of a few days.

We snipers were all in high spirits. Every day we hunted more enemy soldiers with ever-burning revengeful thought remembering the words from our favourite Song of Snipers—"We pull our triggers with calmness... The enemy suddenly standing at attention turns a somersault..."

However, the enemy, too, became more and more cunning to make up for their losses. They called up their snipers from the rear to the nameless hill and Height 351 to get even with our snipers. Now enemy snipers, taking advantage of their higher positions than us, kept firing constantly to prevent us from raising our heads.

With a deadly hatred against the enemy, we made it our urgent task to do away with them. However, we could not spot the guy who was firing from a vantage point on the nameless hill.

That guy always fired before us. This one had to be finished off first, we thought, for he hampered us greatly in our actions. We snipers sat discussing the matter. Someone suggested; "Let us decoy him by a helmet shown above the breastwork of our trench." But Bong Hi, who was keeping silent suddenly cut in: "The gun-shy enemy won't fall into our trap."

"Then have you got any good idea?" asked his comrades-in-arms.

"Not yet, I am just trying to think up one," answered Comrade Bong Hi still gazing somewhere in front of him.

Those who suggested to decoy the enemy by a helmet, had a try at it but it didn't work. Meanwhile, Comrade Bong Hi had gotten hold of a wooden box, and was bending over it engrossed in making some kind of device.

Next day, Comrade Bong Hi, who had attached a swivelling device and a supporter to the wooden box, went to his firing position with his new device.

Soon day began to dawn, the mountain ridges appearing in dim contours. And the enemy could be seen hurrying back and forth along the trench.

Comrade Bong Hi, who held a helmet on the top of a stick just above the breastwork of the trench, began to manipulate it at a distance of some four metres, with a tense expression on his face. The helmet gently swayed to and fro, up and down, creating an impression that one of our snipers or observers was taking cautious steps along the trench to size up the situation.

Two shots were fired almost simultaneously, one shot by the enemy and the other by Comrade Bong Hi followed by his swearing: "You devil, take it!"



The enemy got it squarely, and fell to the ground. It was the very sniper of the enemy who had been peppering us.

And all this happened in a moment. It brought great satisfaction to us. The eyes of Comrade Bong Hi who was wiping perspiration from face, shone with the joy of a victor.

Having failed to help matters even with their snipers, the enemy now resorted to an artillery barrage again.

It was summer and the days were sultry, but fierce battles raged on without interruption.

On June 2, our side occupied Height 351 at one stroke. Encouraged by this, we snipers further intensified our activities. The battle ground was like bubbling cauldron.

The enemy, with an eye to recapturing Height 351, repeated their reckless counter-attacks. Each time they came up, we snipers mowed them down by the scores.

Then on June 15, the enemy attacked us on the Snipers' Hill. They must have thought it impossible to attack Height 351 without doing away with our snipers. Now the enemy, one company strong, began to climb up the slope towards us.

"Kill the enemy to the last man!" "Don't let a single bullet go astray; aim at the heart of the enemy!" we snipers shouted to each other.

The hearts of us snipers were filled with the determination to annihilate the enemy who were arrogant enough to attempt such a reckless assault.

So far we snipers had to get the enemy soldiers one by one, but now we saw the hordes of enemy soldiers coming up. We were greatly excited and could hardly repress our surging hatred towards them.

We pumped lead into the enemy, bearing deep in mind the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander to strengthen the snipers' actions. Our bullets never missed the targets—the enemy soldiers coming up the hill, their bodies fully exposed. First, the one advancing at the head fell, then one after another they were cut down.

The enemy, who had paid dearly in manpower in so short a time, turned tail to save their skin. We snipers then concentrated our fire on those attacking Height 351.

Each of us during the fighting on the Snipers' Hill killed more than 80 enemy soldiers, and Comrade Bong Hi bagged 117 of them. Thus we snipers acquitted ourselves creditably of the task assigned to us.

The snipers' activities which lasted for several months on the Snipers' Hill are bound up with unforgettable memories of the time when we fought the enemy surmounting all sorts of hardships and difficulties.



OUR GUNS KEPT ON ROARING

O Byung Sun

During the battles on Height 351 I was in command of the crew of a howitzer, Democratic Youth 7-A-17, the directing gun of our howitzer company.

At 01:00 hours on June 2, 1953, after ten minutes' preparatory barrage our artillery shifted its powerful fire to the artillery position in the depth of the enemy line.

Our infantrymen made a sally from the tunnels dug in the unnamed hill on the northern flank with the national flag flying at the head.

Our artillery pounded the enemy guns placed behind Height 351 to silence them before they opened fire.

The infantry captured the height in a few minutes while we artillerymen were fighting against the enemy guns.

This made the enemy furious. Before dawn they launched a counterattack on the height under cover of bombing and shelling from warships.

Backed up by our powerful artillery fire, our infantry mowed down the stubborn enemy soldiers mercilessly.

Soon the day broke. Orders came from the company commander to turn the artillery fire to the target "Pear-tree No. 2."

Upset by our heavy pounding, the enemy planned to deploy their divisional reserves and artillery in the area near Daikang-ri to retake by all means the strategic height.

To thwart the enemy's plan, all our formidable guns were turned on the Daikang-ri area.

The enemy was busy bringing the artillery and motorized infantry to the Daikang-ri area.

When everything was ready, orders were given to open fire. In an instant, the enemy gun detachment and motor corps loaded with infantrymen were showered with a deadly fire.

The company commander shouted over the field telephone in an excited voice:

"The enemy trucks are on fire. Their guns are blown up into the sky. The enemy fall en masse. Keep on firing!"

This inspired us gunners with surging courage.

"Comrades, let's shower a hurricane of fire on the heads of the enemy soldiers, who want to deprive our people of their revolutionary gains!" So shouting, Jo Byung Ho, head of the sub-Party cell, loaded the gun.

Our fighting morale was high and our powerful guns kept roaring raining shells of vengeance on the enemy columns of gun carriages and motor trucks.

Direct hits were announced in succession by the observation post. And then came orders to shift fire into the rear of the enemy's marching columns. In no time fire was concentrated on the indicated target.

Just at this time an enemy reconnaissance plane circling over our heads made a sign with its wings. Next instant a smoke shell burst near our position. This was followed by bombardments from enemy warships. In a moment our position, guns and all, was enveloped in flames and dust. But nothing daunted in the face of the heavy fire of the enemy, we kept on firing: our

artillery position was strong enough to hold out, for we had built it in a tunnel in accordance with the Supreme Commander's orders to build tunnel positions all along the frontline.

The enemy warships, too, aided by the reconnaissance plane, became all the wilder. Enemy aircraft bombed and strafed our artillery position madly to destroy it.

But our position was perfectly proof against the furious attacks of the enemy.

Taking advantage of our strong tunnel position, we surmounted all the difficulties and continued pounding the enemy. All our shells told.

Suddenly, the shelling from enemy warships caused earth to break loose from the mountain top and half blocked up the entrance of the tunnel, where the gun was mounted. It was impossible to continue firing without removing the heaps of earth.

"We can not discontinue firing even for a second," shouted Jo Byung Ho. "It will give time to the enemy to recover his legs... Let's clear away the earth and bring back our gun into action!" With these words of encouragement, Jo Byung Ho took up a spade and began removing the earth from the entrance.

With picks and spades in their hands, all the gunners followed suit. The air in the tunnel was acrid, and they worked on covering their noses and mouths with towels.

We always bore in mind the message of the letter of the Party Central Committee addressed to the entire Party members.

The letter read in part:

"In the name of our cities and villages destroyed and burned down in the enemy's bombing and of your parents, brothers and sisters and comrades-in-arms who were shot dead by the enemy, you are called to a revenge, the final showdown!"

"The Party, fatherland and people are calling you to a battle of vengeance! All of you, prepare yourselves for the showdown!"

At this time the company commander called out to us through the field-telephone:

"Comrades, the enemy is taking to flight. Brace up, and hit them out!"

With unremitting tenacity, we kept at it, removing the clods of earth inch by inch.

And at last the entrance of the tunnel was cleared of the earth. Firing resumed. The guns began pouring shells on the enemy's heads.

The loader Jo Byung Ho charged the howitzer with so many shells that day that his arms became swollen, and he felt difficulty in using his arms. The air in the tunnel was full of acrid powder smoke. Yet he kept loading.

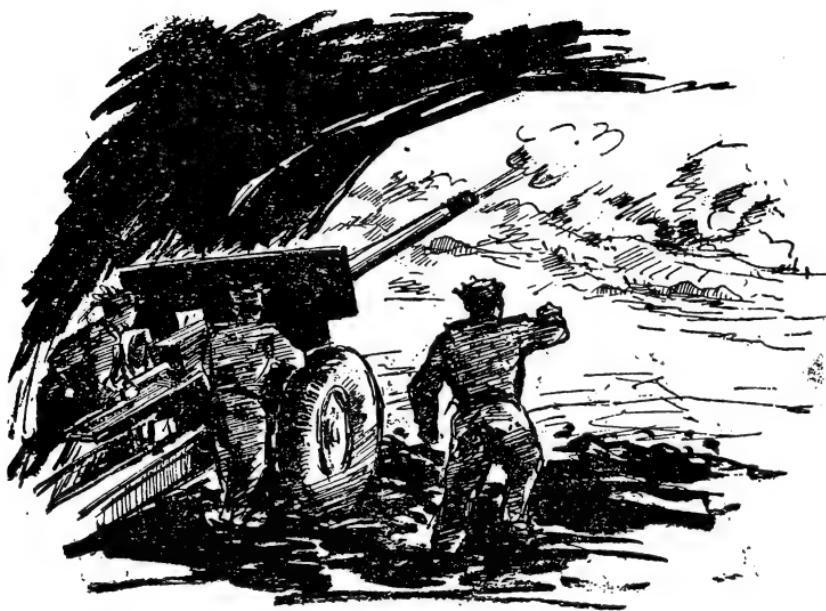
The shells bursted in succession in the middle of the marching column of enemy trucks.

"The Party and fatherland are calling for a decisive battle! Comrades, let's brace up and give the enemy a good thrashing!" From the receiver was ringing the voice of the company commander.

Jo Byung Ho, together with Byung Kwon, loaded the howitzer in rapid succession, and on orders from the observation post, hit the enemy hard.

Just then, the wireless operator Kim In Jai said in an excited voice, hastily handing the receiver over to me:

"Comrade gun captain! The enemy artillery unit has been wiped out completely, guns and all. I tapped the enemy's wire: the commander of the enemy artillery battalion has just reported to his regiment commander that all his guns and gunners have been destroyed and that even the trucks are all in flames, so he can advance no farther."



No sooner had I taken the receiver from him than I heard the voice of the company commander ordering me to turn the fire quickly on the target "Apple-tree No. 1." He told me that the enemy at the target of "Pear-tree No. 2" had been annihilated.

While all our artillery was concentrating its fire on the enemy's reserve corps that were moving to the forefront, the enemy began stealing in upon Height 351.

The situation was critical and there was no time to be lost for further observation. The observation post was giving out one order after another:

"Fire on the target 'Apple-tree No. 1.' The enemy soldiers are climbing up the height."

Shells were hurled on the "Apple-tree No. 1" carrying with them the flames of vengeance. Our powerful guns roared, showering deadly shells upon the hated enemy.

Dragging a long tail of flame, one shell after another flew and bursted among the enemy soldiers.

The tempo of firing became faster gradually.

Our guns roared incessantly. They kept on banging and shook the earth, hitting the enemy hot and strong.

And order came from the observation post to stop firing. The enemy at the "Apple-tree No. 1" was wiped out.

Thus, we gave a crushing defeat to the enemy that day, surmounting every difficulty and hardship.

To prepare for the next battle we came out of the tunnel. We had to repair the roof of the position destroyed by the shelling from enemy warships.

We heard reverberating hurrahs and the "Song of General Kim Il Sung" from neighbouring peaks. There on those peaks were our infantrymen, who had taken part in the fight for Height 351 and annihilated the enemy.

We joined them in singing the song, wiping off perspirations from our blackened, dusty faces.

Indeed, the battle on Height 351 was fought under rains of bombs and shells hurled by the enemy. But as our artillery positions had been sheltered in stout tunnels, we could deliver crushing blows at the enemy without suffering any loss in men and materials and effectively support the actions of our infantry.



RED SQUADRON LEADER

Jang Hak Bum

It was in the spring of 1953 when the enemy who had suffered one ignominious defeat after another in the war was putting up a last, desperate struggle. The enemy sent deep into the rear of North Korea a vast number of aircraft — B-29s and other kinds of fighter-bombers and pursuit planes, in their frantic attempts to recover from their repeated defeats on the ground.

On the morning of April 6, 1953, arrogant U.S. imperialist air pirates again intruded into our territorial air.

Having received combat orders, squadron leader Kim Ji Sang led his squadron into the air to intercept the enemy planes. His heart was pulsating with hatred against the enemy.

Meanwhile, the sun rose over the mountain ridge. It looked like a fire-ball, shedding warm colours. Bathed in the morning sun, mountains were rearing their crests above the sea of mist. From above he could see the fields stretching into the distance, and glittering streams and lakes. The mountains and rivers were just as familiar to him as before; yet seen from the plane, everything appeared more intimate and beautiful.

When Kim Ji Sang was flying over the river Chung-

chun, he received a wireless from the command post: "...Four enemy planes, 18 kilometres ahead, direction 120 degrees." He ordered his squadron to be combat ready. When the squadron rose to an altitude of 12,000 metres, they spotted a formation of enemy planes flying ahead.

Seeing our planes swooping down on them, the enemy turned upward. For the enemy planes had no time to dodge.

There was no doubt that the enemy, driven into a corner, tried to make a head-on attack and slip through. But their flimsy trick could not cheat us. The squadron leader made up his mind to crush the enemy at a single blow.

He caught the enemy's leading plane in his sights. The enemy planes began firing at our planes at random. Streams of bullets grazed the hoods of our planes. But this could not in the least change the situation. The fate of the enemy's leading plane was already in the hands of Kim Ji Sang. Its detestable figure was caught in his sights. The squadron leader pressed the trigger-button when the range was 1,500 metres. The next instant, he saw flames shooting out from the enemy plane. At one blow, the enemy plane was hit.

Seeing their leader shot down, the rest of the enemy planes got their noses round and made off.

Day in and day out battle continued. The squadron of Kim Ji Sang made sorties everyday, defending the sky of the fatherland. They dealt telling blows to the enemy.

On July 19, too, hordes of enemy planes—fighters and pursuit planes—appeared from early morning.

They were stubborn. When a group of their planes was repelled, another appeared, and then yet another. In this way they hung round in our sky all day long in formations of four, eight and more. Their intentions were to tire out our pursuit planes without allowing them to

have a breathing spell so as to attain their aims. But their calculation was wrong.

At 08:00 hours Kim Ji Sang took off from the station with his squadron consisting of 12 planes. When they reached the sky over Chulsan area, they found an enemy formation of F-86-30s sneaking in from the West Sea.

Kim Ji Sang gave combat orders. Kim Eui Jik's squadron which followed just behind rapidly swung upward to give covering. At the same time Woo In Sup's pair kept close on the tail of the squadron leader's plane.

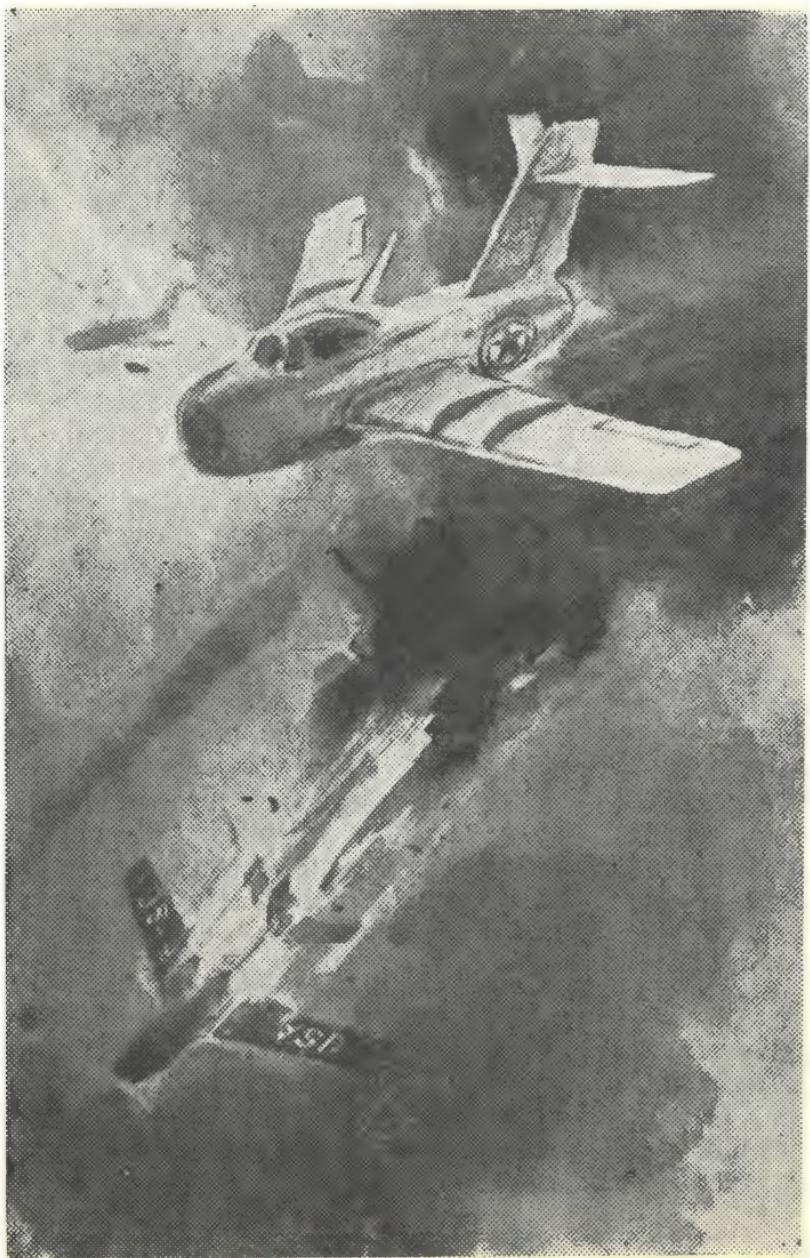
The enemy formation, too, found our planes, jerked upward to attack us from above. Apparently, the enemy was counting on their numerical superiority.

But our squadrons were confident of victory.

When the enemy planes flying in front were flattening out to fall on Kim Eui Jik's squadron, Kim Ji Sang plunged into them like lightning. The enemy's leading plane came into his sights. Its ugly shape grew larger fast. Caught in the sights, it seemed to be trembling in anticipation of its own doom.

"Tremble with fear of death," he thought. "Death is the only due to you aggressor!" Kim Ji Sang's heart burned with hatred against the enemy. No sooner had he pressed the trigger-button than flames streamed out of the enemy plane, which lurched downwards and went into a spin. Next moment, it plunged into the sea. When Kim Ji Sang looked round he suddenly noticed high above him some 10 enemy planes. They were ready to dive on Kim Ji Sang's squadron at any moment. At some distance off, Kim Eui Jik's squadron, too, were fighting against odds, with about 10 enemy planes.

The enemy had brought up reinforcements and their number was three times greater than us. Our squadrons



were in imminent danger to be caught in the encirclement of the great horde of enemy fighters.

The odds were against us. Getting more reinforcements, the enemy fighters were hanging on to our planes with increasing tenacity.

Both our pilots and the enemy flung their planes up and down, from side to side, soaring up and dropping like stones, to get on each other's tails. It was a contest of manoeuvrability. Now, the battle went into a dog-fight, so that it was difficult to tell our planes from the enemy's. It was clear that if the combat went on like this against three times greater number of enemy, the chance would be against us, thought Kim Ji Sang. The situation was critical. Just then, the words of Marshal Kim Il Sung flashed across his mind. "You must use your brains in battle," said the Marshal when he visited the air base and encouraged the pilots in June 1952. "...Use tactics. When you wrestle, too, as you know, you must know the length of the opponent's feet, and seize on the chance when it comes to play a leg-bracket or a cross-buttock. The same applies to the hunting of U.S. air pirates. You must have a keen eye on the situation and, when you feel sure, you must crack down on the enemy without delay..." Recalling these words of the Marshal, Kim Ji Sang strengthened his confidence in victory. He ordered his squadron to follow him and gave his engine full throttle. But already enemy planes were quite close on the tail of his squadron. It was too late to get out of the shooting range of the enemy planes.

Having given a signal to his squadron, Kim Ji Sang pretended as if he were making a turn to one side to deceive the enemy, then suddenly pushed the stick forward and went into a steep dive. The enemy planes, confused at this unexpected dive, sent bursts of machine-gun bullets at random and roared past, nearly grazing his plane. Next moment, he pulled up the nose of his plane and

gave a burst at one of the enemy planes, sending it into a spin. It went down in a cloud of black smoke.

Kim Ji Sang who had just shot down his pursuer, flew towards the armada of enemy planes at right angle. He tried to decoy out the haughty enemy squadron leader to make it easy for Woo In Sup's pair to strike at it. As Kim Ji Sang's pair darted past in front of the enemy leader, he, as expected, came in chase of the pair. Kim Ji Sang took a course favorable for Woo In Sup and his second to attack the enemy leader, who was now caught in a trap set by Kim Ji Sang.

The very moment the enemy plane banked to make a turn after Kim Ji Sang's pair, Woo In Sup and his second screamed down on it and fired several bursts into it. The enemy leader plunged away in a spin. It hit the ground and at once turned into a black column of smoke. It really was thrilling. Our pilots shouted beside themselves: "Hurrah."

But they had no time to exult in the victory. Still, there were many enemy aircraft around them.

Deprived of their leading plane, the enemy was now quite at a loss what to do. Attacked vehemently by us, the enemy was totally dispirited. Now three of their planes shot down, they retired from the fight and took to flight. Our fliers were furious. Kim Ji Sang's squadron gave a hot chase to the escaping air pirates. "Endless is the sky of our fatherland," they thought. "But there is no loophole for you scoundrels."

The pair of Li Bum Suk and Bak Nam Hyung overtook the fleeing enemy in no time, and shot down another enemy plane.

During the first aerial combat which continued from the early morning of that day Kim Ji Sang's squadron shot down four enemy planes, and with this successful results they returned to their station whole.

Battle, however, did not end there for the day. There

was more fighting. In the second sally they shot down another three enemy fighters. After that, they took off on a third combat mission. In the three times of sallies that day, the invincible Kim Ji Sang's squadron downed and damaged as many as eleven U.S. aircraft.

In the course of four months, the squadron shot down and damaged 48 of enemy's F-86s and F-86-30s in all.

Squadron leader Kim Ji Sang distinguished himself in the battle by bringing down six enemy planes and damaging two to his credit.

In July 1953, the Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea awarded him the title of Hero of the D.P.R.K. for his indomitable fighting spirit and distinguished services in beating the enemy.

Still guarding the territorial air of our country, he is a devoted, dauntless and genuinely reliable squadron leader of the Workers' Party of Korea.



THE STORY OF AN AIRCRAFT HUNTER

Kwak Jai Suk

U.S. pirate planes appeared again over Bookchung, belching fire from their machine guns and dropping bombs without number. They combed the hills, valleys, railroads and villages. Flames shot up here and there, destroying railroads and burning down dwelling houses. Many women and children were killed in the holocaust.

Kim Ki Woo, member of an aircraft-hunting group, who was gazing at the scene from a hilltop with clenched fists, swore: "You villains—You shall pay for this."

His round and boyish face was twisted with fury and his bloodshot eyes burned with hatred against the enemy.

The enemy planes coming down from a high altitude desperately strafed and bombed.

Gunner Kim Ki Woo pressed hard on the trigger of his heavy machine-gun, but he had not been able to down even one of the enemy planes. Hatred for the enemy arrested him and he thought he should calm himself down. He pressed the trigger again, but the arrogant enemy planes wheeled about with impunity over the mountain at a low altitude. Then, having converted the whole village into a sea of flames, they withdrew to safety.

"What a pity! I could not bring down even one of

them..." gunner Kim Ki Woo stamped with vexation. His heart sank low.

It was late January 1951 that aircraft-hunting groups were organized in the unit to which Kim Ki Woo belonged, at the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander.

Now bearing deep in mind the orders of Comrade Supreme Commander, members of the aircraft-hunting groups firmly resolved to hunt and shoot down the savage enemy planes, which were killing our parents, brothers and sisters and turning to ashes all the achievements of our people made through their creative labour.

Gunner Kim Ki Woo and other members of Aircraft-hunting Group No. 7, too, in response to the orders, rose up bravely with firm conviction of their victory in the battle, the kind of which the world had not yet known. They pooled their wisdom and swapped experiences, giving full play to their creative initiative. At first they built their gun-nests on the summit of hills, thinking it better to shoot the high-flying planes.

And this was how they had fought the battle of the day mentioned above and failed to down any one of the enemy planes. When the battle was dying down, gunner Kim Ki Woo mumbled to himself: "In my opinion our positions are too high..." Then stroking the barrel of his machine gun, he continued in irritation: "This barrel won't swivel fast enough..."

Contrary to their expectation, enemy planes had come in from the east coast, flying over the gullies, low, almost hedgehopping, and the gunners could not level their heavy machine guns fast enough at the approaching planes. They were not to blame, however, for heavy machine guns, one might say, were made to mow down the foot soldiers on the ground, not to shoot planes coming in from the back or the flanks.

They decided among themselves to transfer their positions to lower ground, and gunner Kim Ki Woo set

about digging his gun-nest near a cemetery where enemy planes appeared more frequently. He also racked his brains as to how to move his gun freely.

One day, Kim Ki Woo, who was gazing at the round mound of a grave, slapped his thigh in exultation, crying: "That's it! I must build my gun platform just as round as that grave with my gun mounted on the top of it, then I can turn my gun around at any angle."

He hurriedly started to build his new gun platform and, having placed his gun on the top of it, waited for the appearance of enemy planes.

It was a cloudless day, February 22, 1951. Enemy planes appeared again in formation. Kim Ki Woo, biting his lips, strained his eyes at the planes, which swooped down one by one, spitting fire from their machine guns. And as soon as enemy planes came within firing range he pressed his trigger swearing: "Here it is, you rats, catch it!"

The busy loader moved nimbly, continuously feeding a new belt to the gun which barked like mad. The startled enemy planes broke up their formation, and, flying by twos or threes, dived straight towards Kim Ki Woo's position. However, he faced the impending danger with composure, though his bright eyes glowed like those of an enraged eagle and his lips trembled with hatred and resolve for revenge.

The ferocity of the fight was beyond description, the more so because it took place between one heavy machine gun and many attacking planes, or between the earth and the sky.

Yet gunner Kim Ki Woo never lost his self-control, now firing on the plane diving straight towards him, now shooting at the tail of receding enemy planes.

At this moment, an enemy plane hit in the middle of its tank began to fall, trailing a long line of smoke. However, Kim Ki Woo had no time to watch it

as he was occupied in beating back the enemy planes, which were incessantly attacking him by turns.

He raised his head only when he heard the shouts of hurrah among his comrades-in-arms, and saw the enemy planes retreating pell-mell. The one hit in the tank made a nose dive into the sea, leaving a trail of black smoke behind.

Now gunner Kim Ki Woo felt relieved and his round face beamed with a smile.

That day gunner Kim Ki Woo got precious experience. He keenly realized that the hunting of enemy planes demanded of him lofty spirit and valour to fight selflessly for the sake of the fatherland. He came to realize that the first thing to do as a gunner was to make a frontal attack on the swooping plane, for ducking at such a critical moment of life and death struggle only meant sure defeat and death. And if you want to bring down a plane at one shot, you must aim squarely at its engine, its pilot or its tank. Shooting at a plane flying horizontally or zooming upward, you cannot expect to bring it down; you will be lucky if you only damage it a little.

Gunner Kim Ki Woo exerted every effort to make a direct hit and, to this end, worked out a new method of improving his gun-nest. First he made a round gun platform like a mound and, putting on it a wheel of an oxcart which revolved on a vertical axis erected on the mound, mounted his gun on the wheel. This enabled him to move his gun barrel more freely, turning it in any direction.

The gun-nest now completed, he threw himself into the practice of anti-aircraft firing, shooting at a flying bird or a kite set floating high in the air. Then he entered into real fighting, shooting at the enemy planes approaching lured by the skeleton of a destroyed enemy car or a sham gun which he had placed some 100-300 metres away from his gun position. Thus he gradually grew into a

master shot, and in mid-March bagged another enemy plane in the sky over Bookchung. Now confident of his marksmanship, he shouted: "You devils, come on! You shall pay for the blood shed by our people."

But the enemy, having lost six of their planes over Bookchung at the hands of Kim Ki Woo and other gunners of the aircraft-hunting group, now seemed to consider it healthier for them not to visit this place.

Thus the aircraft-hunting group to which Kim Ki Woo belonged, had to move their position to another place in search of enemy planes.

To Kusan.

Kusan is a small agro-fishing village, yet it was an important point with its railway station. There were two tunnels and two bridges near by, and every day enemy planes appeared there with increasing frequency, pounding the railway station, railway lines, bridges and tunnels with their bombs and machine guns in their desperate attempt to cut our supply route.

The members of Aircraft-hunting Group No. 7 built their positions on Height 150 (a tunnel ran through it) located between the two railway bridges near the station.

On March 17, 1951, 36 enemy planes (F-80) appeared in the sky over Kusan.

Gunner Kim Ki Woo, who was gazing at them with calm eyes, saw the leader swooping down on the station, raking it with its machine gun. The machine-gunning was a signal for its followers to start pounding the target thus indicated.

Losing no time gunner Kim Ki Woo opened fire on the leader. The leader, having got a direct hit in the head, tilted to one side and began to lose speed, then crashed against the foot of Height 300 in the not far distance. And the pilot was killed as his parachute failed to open when he jumped. Meanwhile, those on the height had no time even to shout hurrah, for the enemy planes, having lost

their leader, changed their original plan and began to attack Height 150. Confident of their numerical superiority, the enemy planes concentrated fire on the height from their rocket and machine guns. The ground on the height was furrowed up, dust rose in dense clouds and gun-powder fumes filled the air.

However, gunner Kim Ki Woo, burning with hatred for the enemy, concentrated all his forces on making a direct hit at the diving plane on a vital spot. The water jacket of his gun was very hot and his gun-barrel seemed to be aflame. Yet he continued to fire, paying no attention to all this. Enemy planes were shot down in succession.

Informed of this, the flurried enemy carrier sent more planes to Kusan only to be shot down by our hunting group members. Some formations retreated in disorder and some of the pilots baled out of the burning planes, heading straight for the sea. This reminded us of a swarm of flies jumping into the flames.

In the fierce fighting which lasted for some 55 minutes the enemy mobilized more than 100 planes in all to attack our hunting group members, of which three were shot down by Kim Ki Woo and another three by other group members. And the rest retreated, many damaged heavily or lightly.

After the battle, gunner Kim Ki Woo climbed out of his dug-in position, dusting his uniform.

"You cowards, come again if you dare!" He shouted with clenched fists.

But the enemy, having suffered such heavy losses, dared not to appear again over Kusan.

Later gunner Kim Ki Woo brought down 6 more planes in Riwon. Altogether he had bagged 11 of the enemy planes in the period from late February to early April, 1951.

Gunner Kim Ki Woo was born in 1933 into a poor family of a fire-field tiller in Woonsong-ri, Namdoil Sub-



county, Danchun County, North Hamgyung Province. Unable to attend school under the Japanese imperialist rule, he learned to read only after the liberation and grew up a staunch, brave and true son of the Party.

The Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly of the D.P.R.K. conferred upon him the title of Hero of the D.P.R.K. on two occasions in March and in April 1951.



NAVAL BATTLE OFF JOOMOONJIN

Hong Soon Il

At about 22:00, July 1, 1950, just before the naval battle off Joomoonjin, sailors of the torpedo-boat unit held a meeting, addressing their resolution to Marshal Kim Il Sung, their beloved Supreme Commander:

General Kim Il Sung, our respected Supreme Commander!

Determined to send to the bottom of the sea the U.S. pirate ships which insolently intruded into our territorial waters, we have the honour of addressing you this resolution just before our departure for a combat.

We know well that our sea is boundless, but that there is no room there for any U.S. pirate ship.

The heart of everyone present here is filled with the resolve to be true and worthy fighters of the Workers' Party of Korea, worthy of the name of Korean youth who have inherited the noble will of the anti-Japanese fighters, to wage a brave fight to the last and to send the U.S. pirate ships to the bottom of the sea.

Respectfully wishing you, our beloved leader, good health and a long life,

The sailors going into the naval battle off
Joomoonjin

When the resolution was read out, every one rose and started singing "The Song of General Kim Il Sung."

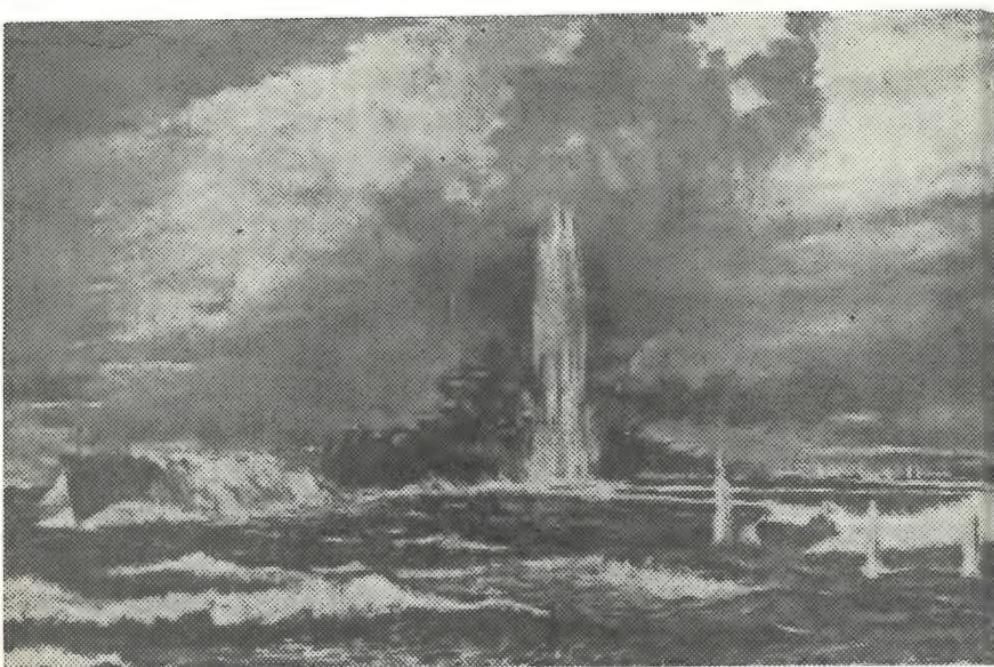
*Prints of blood on every range o' Jangbaik,
Marks of crimson in every stream o' Amrok,
On the flowers of free Korea,
The holy marks that shine.
O the beloved name,
Our dear General,
O the brilliant name,
General Kim Il Sung.*

The male voices reverberated far and wide, communicating boundless loyalty to the beloved leader and our determination to wipe out the enemy even at the cost of our youth, life and promising future.

The singing now over, each of us was rushing to his designated boat, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I turned round to face Li Hak Sup, political commissar of the torpedo-boat unit, who told me: "Our battle assignment is a very difficult one. But I'm sure we can execute it with credit. Let's remember the resolution we have just read out whenever we face difficulties. Then fresh courage will surge inside us."

He encouraged in this way each of us sailors, and raised our fighting spirit by explaining the importance of the battle assignment.

On July 2 at about 24:00 hours our torpedo-boat unit left Sokcho port. It was a pitch dark night, and the needles of the compass, speedometre and clock were all that enabled us to manoeuvre our boats. But we, steeled in the usual training, proceeded in a regular formation peering ahead into the darkness. On reaching the sea off Mookho, we steered our course towards the port, expecting to find enemy ships anchored there.



We strained our eyes to see the port as we drew near. Contrary to our expectation, however, we found no enemy ships there, the port lay in quietness.

"What has become of them?" we wondered, feeling a bit nervous. Our hearts beat fast with the determination to send enemy ships to the bottom of the sea. We waited patiently the orders.

Then we sailed south in search of the enemy ships—30 minutes, one hour...

"Attention!" a sharp voice rapped out all of a sudden, and silence reigned over the deck. Then another voice followed: "Enemy ships are spotted!"

The alarm immediately went the round of the crew members. True enough, we could gradually see a group

of U.S. pirate ships—light cruiser, medium cruiser and destroyer—making for the coast. Our hearts pounded faster as the distance between the enemy and us diminished.

The enemy ships, too, spotted us, they were insolently closing in on us.

But, as we were fully prepared for the battle, we let the enemy approach to within 6.5 km and then dashed at him at full speed.

The enemy ships, taken by surprise at the abrupt, daring approach of our boats, were confused for some minutes. But eventually they began to fire on our torpedo-boats.

In an instant, the whole sea was wrapped in flames.

“Men of the sea, remember the resolution we addressed to our beloved leader! Let us annihilate the enemy!”

It was the voice of our squadron political commissar coming through radio. We dashed at the enemy, swearing, “Take this, you devils!”

Torpedo-boat No. 23 was the first to release a torpedo at the enemy’s medium cruiser. Soon there was a thunderous explosion. The sound of the explosion was still lingering overhead when another torpedo was launched by No. 21 which I was on, hitting the enemy ship squarely in the centre. With the two hits the enemy ship began to heel over, vomiting flames and smoke.

Our attack continued amidst loud shouts of hurrah. Now No. 22, the third boat to strike, was seen closing in on the gasping enemy cruiser, releasing its tube. With a crashing explosion, the enemy’s medium cruiser “Baltimore” was broken into two and disappeared in the water. This reminded us of the miserable fate of the “General Sherman,” a U.S. pirate ship, which came up the Daidong River

nearly one hundred years ago and was sunk by our heroic forefathers enraged at its atrocities and pillage.

And all this took place in a matter of few minutes.

Now our side, having seized full initiative in the battle, intensified our attacks. The desperate light cruiser of the enemy which was in the lead and the destroyer following it began tottering. The stampeded enemy, it seemed, was about to run away. But suddenly it resumed firing drawing nearer to us.

At that moment, torpedo-boat No. 21 cut across the path of the enemy destroyer and sent up smoke-screen.

The enemy destroyer, now completely thrown into confusion, floundered not knowing what to do as we kept pounding it. The enemy light cruiser which was desperately fighting was also hit by our torpedo launched at a distance of 600 metres and turned tail wrapped in flames.

Thus, our sailors in this battle off Joomoonjin sank one medium cruiser and destroyed one light cruiser, demonstrating to the whole world the invincible might of our navy that had been trained by the Workers' Party of Korea.



HEROES OF WOLMI ISLAND

Kim Do Yung

September 1950!

Having suffered a miserable defeat at the hands of the heroic men and officers of the onrushing Korean People's Army, the U.S. invaders in an attempt to recover their lost prestige conducted desperate landing operations in Inchon.

For the landing operations, the Yankee imperialists called in their land, sea and air forces in the Pacific region as well as their Mediterranean Fleet. It must be added that it was one of the biggest landings ever staged in the history of wars.

For three days before the landing, some 500 of enemy aircraft kept pounding the area blindly. But they could not dampen the spirit of the combatants of the Li Dai Hoon coast battery, who had firmly dug in on the Island of Wolmi, the gateway to Inchon. They were ready to give an annihilating blow to any formidable enemy, should he dare to come.

When the bomb-damaged battery was restored and everything was ready for fresh battles, Li Dai Hoon, commander of the battery, addressed his men:

"The most important of all is the unshakable faith in

victory.. If we have such faith, I am sure, we will be able to knock out the enemy, even if he outnumbers us. But we must remember clearly how the anti-Japanese partisans crushed the Japanese imperialists armed to the teeth."

Before he had finished, one of his men, Li Ho Sup, spoke up: "Comrade Battery Commander, we know so well how devilish these American pirates are..."

He looked around at his comrades-in-arms.

How often they had talked about the enemy, he remembered.

Yes, they had talked about the U.S.S. General Sherman which was sent to the bottom of the Daidong River when it sailed up the river to Pyongyang in 1866. Then there was the U.S. fleet of five ships that invaded Kanghwa Island in 1871 and were crushed by our ancestors... U.S. imperialism had been the sworn enemy of the Korean people for over one hundred years.

Li Ho Sup continued. "In our hearts the revolutionary fires of the anti-Japanese partisans are burning, and I can assure you none of the enemy ships will be afloat when we have finished them..."

September 13th.

Under cover of some 1,000 planes and an armada of 300 odd ships, some 40,000 American aggressors attempted to make a landing in Inchon.

Bombs were showered on our positions and the big guns on the enemy ships kept shelling us. It was estimated that in the severe shelling the enemy ships alone fired four shells to every square metre. Indeed even the sun was dimmed by the smoke over Wolmi Island.

However, our men kept a complete silence though they could see the enemy ships approaching under their very nose. Eventually the enemy cruisers and destroyers moved in the direction of Dukjuk Island.

This was what our men had been waiting for. With

the order, "Fire!" our heavy guns suddenly went off. After the first shot, Koo Hak Kyoong, captain of the first gun, measured the deviation before sending out more shells.

The conning tower of an enemy destroyer was blown off, followed by the main mast. Then the pilot room went to pieces.

"Give it to him! Give it to him!"

This was the joyous shout of our observer. By this time the enemy's destroyer was wrapped in flames. Then, destroyers right behind the first one were hit. One could see flames from them leaping skyward.

In the meantime a group of enemy's landing craft that were heading for the land to establish a bridgehead was trapped. Battery Commander Li Dai Hoon cried out: "Send them to the bottom of the sea!" Four guns began spitting fire at them. The third gun crushed the enemy landing boats into pieces.

But the enemy put up stubborn resistance to extricate themselves from the jaws of death.

The battle went on for five hours. But the initiative was firmly in our hands. With all guns of our coast batteries located around Inchon port opening fire, the enemy's position became still worse.

On that day the enemy lost one destroyer and four other ships were damaged. In the end they withdrew far out at sea to regroup themselves for a comeback.

On the following day, September 14, the enemy came back again. This time they headed for the northern tip of the Island.

Battery Commander Li Dai Hoon had been briefed by the senior staff on the previous evening on what was to be expected and had already installed a few guns there during the night.

With the rise of the tide and under the protection

of huge men-of-war — cruisers and destroyers — numerous enemy landing craft approached the island.

Our guns opened fire.

In no time two enemy destroyers were hit and set on fire. The Yankee devils on board girded with life-belts, jumped into the sea. It seemed they were yelling madly, desperately flouncing about. Our guns kept firing. Most of them were hit or swallowed by the heavy seas as the giant ships went to pieces. Such is the fate of aggressors, always!

The crew of the third gun were about to fire. They were focussing gun sights on the enemy ships but suddenly an enemy shell exploded nearby.

Bang Ik Su, the gun captain, was blown a few feet to one side. But he recovered himself and leapt to his feet and was about to rush to his gun when he found he could not move. He collapsed on the ground and shouted:

“Don’t miss the enemy ship caught in the sights!”

The gun was silent, however. Mustering all his strength he got to his feet again and staggered to the gun, shouting: “Fire!” But there was no response. Then he realized that no one was around, gun-layer, gunners and all. He said to himself: I can not die until I hit the damn boat. He managed by super-human effort to get hold of the gun sights, but it had been broken off.

At this moment he saw gunner Li Eung Shik come crawling to the gun. Eung Shik had been wounded and lying unconscious. Bang Ik Su asked Eung Shik to hold the sights. In this way a shot was fired, which hit another enemy landing craft. They knew they would fall any minute, for they were swaying with dizziness. They kept firing until the shells were exhausted, pounding the enemy men-of-war and landing ships.

Members of the third gun kept firing until their gun was bent from heat and broken by enemy's fire.

On the second day, too, the enemy ships could not land their men on Wolmi Island. Their landing plans failed and they sailed away.

"Six enemy ships big and small sunk.
Only eight of us left. One gun intact.
Need more shells. Will fight to the end."

This was the message Battery Commander Li Dai Hoon wired to the senior staff that night.

When he came out of the wireless room, he headed for the gun. His whole body seemed to be aching. In the past two days' battle he had been wounded. His whole body was cut and torn, and the sand ground deep into his flesh. Particularly, the wounds he received on his head were giving him piercing pain. But, as he thought of what was to come on the following day, all his physical pains disappeared and all his thoughts turned to the defence of the country and how to stop the enemy.

The sand over which he was walking was soft and warm, and the sky was studded with stars. He started singing the "Song of General Kim Il Sung!"

*Prints of blood on every range o' Jangbaik
Marks of crimson in every stream o' Amrok...*

He waited all night for the shells, but they did not come. All supply routes had been cut off.

September 15th was dawning. Everyone knew a critical day was approaching for the coast battery.

A Party consultation meeting was held, which was followed by a Democratic Youth League meeting.

"...We will not step back even in face of death.
Everyone will fight to the last..."

Thus read their pledge to the Party and the Supreme Commander.



The gunners were united firmer than ever around the Battery Commander and their morale was high. They were ready to meet the enemy.

From early morning the enemy was on the move again. The only remaining gun spat fire until the last shell was used sending many enemy landing ships to the bottom of the sea. And their heavy machineguns rattled, too. But now the Battery Commander knew what was to be done. He blew up the gun with his hand-grenade lest the enemy take over it, then he ordered his men to the top of a ridge on the shore. By this time the enemy like packs of hungry wolves began to swarm on to the beach.

With the infantry units which were stationed along the coast, they mowed down the on-coming enemy.

Comrade Kwon Sun jumping up like a tiger threw an anti-tank grenade at the enemy tank which was at the head of the enemy forces. In a flash the enemy tank was knocked out. In face of the strong resistance of our men the enemy turned around and retreated to the beach. A severe battle ensued. The island of Wolmi was strewn with the enemy bodies and the sea was stained with their dirty blood.

In the communication room the wireless man kept sending messages to the H.Q. He was solemn and grave. At 8:47 a.m. he wired:

"The enemy is landing. Battery Commander and his five men went down to the beach with handgrenades and sub-machine-guns. The six fell upon the enemy from behind the rocks and bomb craters. There are piles of enemy corpses on the beach and the sea is reddened."

"8:57. ...The enemy has succeeded in landing tanks. Now the enemy tanks are rolling over the muddy field. Our men are fighting bravely. Some of our men are no more to be seen... I see the Battery Commander standing with a bundle of handgrenades. He is throwing them at an enemy tank. It is hit, and is immobilized. Another tank is coming up. The Battery Commander has fallen. Another took the place, but he too sank to the ground before he had time to throw a grenade. Not one of our men is in sight..."

"9:05. I see an enemy advance party approaching this communication room. Americans, Negroes, Japanese... I am taking an anti-tank grenade from the table. I am resolved to fight to the end."

This is where the message from the Island of Wolmi ended,

Thus the Li Dai Hoon coast battery fought the enemy to the last man. With a handful of men, they frustrated the enemy's landing attempt on two occasions and sent so many enemy soldiers to the bottom of the sea and destroyed over 10 enemy ships. Indeed, they displayed miraculous exploits.

Though they were only men just like others their unparalleled heroism and unbending spirit will live forever in the heart of every Korean.



DISGUISED AS AN “M.P. COLONEL”

Kim Yong Hyun

With the re-advance of our main units, the combined units of the Korean People's Army, which had been operating behind the enemy lines in Kangwon Province, liberated Yanggoo, Keumhwa, and Hwachun at one stroke and cut off all enemy routes in these regions on November 8-9, 1950.

Taken aback at the news about the activities of our combined units behind enemy lines, MacArthur's Headquarters hurriedly dispatched the 2nd Infantry Division of the puppet army to Chulwon, British 29th Brigade to the Keumchun-Pyungsan area, then deployed the newly organized 3rd Army of the puppet clique along the 38th parallel. In these operations Choonchun was one of particularly important points to them. The enemy boasted that Choonchun was the "second strategic base" on the central front.

But the enemy miscalculated again. Our combined units received a combat order from the H.Q. to thwart the enemy's plan and liberate Choonchun before the city became their "second strategic base."

It was decided in accordance with the combat order that two other units would attack Choonchun while our

unit liberate Kapyung on the highway to the former.

Before we started action to liberate Kapyung, a detachment of eight scouts was formed to ascertain the movements of the enemy. The scouts were to be led by our unit's reconnaissance staff Kim Kwan Moon. Now the whole detachment was ready. Everyone disguised himself as a puppet army soldier. We had on enemy's uniforms and carried his weapons.

Kim Kwan Moon donned the uniform of an M.P. colonel of the puppet army. He had an M.P. helmet of the puppet army, then his half-coat was that of a high-ranking enemy officer—a fur-lined one. He wore American boots. He looked like a real M.P. colonel of the puppet army. In an enemy's jeep we rushed to Kapyung. As our jeep was turning the last hillside from where Kapyung could be seen just down below, Kwan Moon found some communication lines. Without losing any time he connected the receiver to the line to tap the conversation. Kwan Moon put the receiver to his ear.

On the wire two men were shouting at each other. One was saying:

"Damn it. I must have confirmation before I let the train pass, don't I? We have a report saying that our military train that was entering Choonchun was hit by the commies. Is that true?"

It did not take very long for Kwan Moon to understand that the station master of Chungpyung was talking to his counterpart of Kapyung station. To our surprise, Kwan Moon began talking into the phone.

"Who is this? You must be Chungpyung station master. This is an M.P. colonel sent by Seoul speaking. What the devil are you doing? Why can't you send the train on time? Why do you think we made you a station

master? For your looks? Stop all this chattering and get the train going right away. Do you hear me?"

Now the station master was silent. All he could answer was "Yes, sir!"

One could almost see how frightened the man must have been.

As soon as he finished talking to the man in Chung-pyung, Kwan Moon turned to the man on the other end, station master of Kapyung. But, the line was silent. He was gone. The word "M.P. colonel" had scared the wits out of him evidently. Now Kwan Moon was quite sure that the Kapyung station master was a chicken-hearted fellow.

Kwan Moon ordered his man to drive up to the railway station in Kapyung through the town.

As soon as our jeep got to the railway station after safely passing through the enemy's checkpoint at the entrance of the town, Kwan Moon headed for the office with a few of his men. A man of about forty rushed out to meet them and said:

"I'm glad to see you, sir!"

"Well, are you the station master?"

Without asking the station master any more, Kwan Moon went into the office with long strides. As if to say that they should take notice of his insignia, Kwan Moon took off his half-coat. And the station master and his men looked with awe at the colonel's insignia. Now turning to the station master he asked:

"Why is it that the military train is not coming in here yet?"

"Well, sir! Just a few minutes before your arrival, I had a call from the other station saying that the train was just pulling out."

"Did he say how many wagons there were?"

"As you know, there are twelve wagons. I was told

that since the train carrying clothing, weapons and ammunition came in first, he was letting that one proceed first accordingly."

"Well, what did he say about the next train?"

"You mean the special troop train?"

"That's right."

"Well, it seems the train was at the station before Chungpyung. I was told that the train would make a non-stop run to Choonchun."

Now Kwan Moon knew everything about the movements of the train. But, he realized that there was not much time to wait and everything must be planned and done in a flash.

"Hey, you driver! Go to the Second Battalion and inform them the train will stop there and they should get the clothing and ammunition."

It was his plan to bring up the first train where our men were deployed so that they might get clothing for the winter as well as ammunition.

Soon after Yum Chul Soo, the driver, left, there was the hoot of a train — the supply train was approaching.

Kwan Moon instructed the station master to put the on-coming train on the first track. As the train pulled in, Kwan Moon slowly stepped out on the platform and watched carefully every wagon to determine the number of escorts on the train.

There were two in the engine cab, then about a dozen or so in the caboose. When the train stopped, Kwan Moon instructed one of his men, Choi Sang Soo, to make all the puppet escorts get off the train.

"Hey, you fellas! Out on the platform this minute. The M.P. colonel sent by Seoul wants you all."

From the caboose a puppet army captain stuck his head out. He was in charge of the train. At first, it seemed, he was rather dubious about Choi Sang Soo's

words. But he noticed Kwan Moon — a figure calmly standing in front of the office with his hands in his pockets.

Hurriedly the enemy captain jumped off the train and ordered the men who alighted after him: "Fall in!" Then he was about to salute Kwan Moon, but suddenly Kwan Moon roared out:

"You, the officer-in-charge?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You damn fool! Why are you so late? Were you waiting for our units in Choonchun chopped up by the commies?"

"No, sir. To tell you the truth, I did not know what to do after I heard the news on Choonchun... Then we had your order, and are here, sir!"

"That's O.K. You'd be on your toes."

Kwan Moon took a pistol out of his pocket as if he were saying that the officer should make notice of it. Now the officer was shaking in fright.

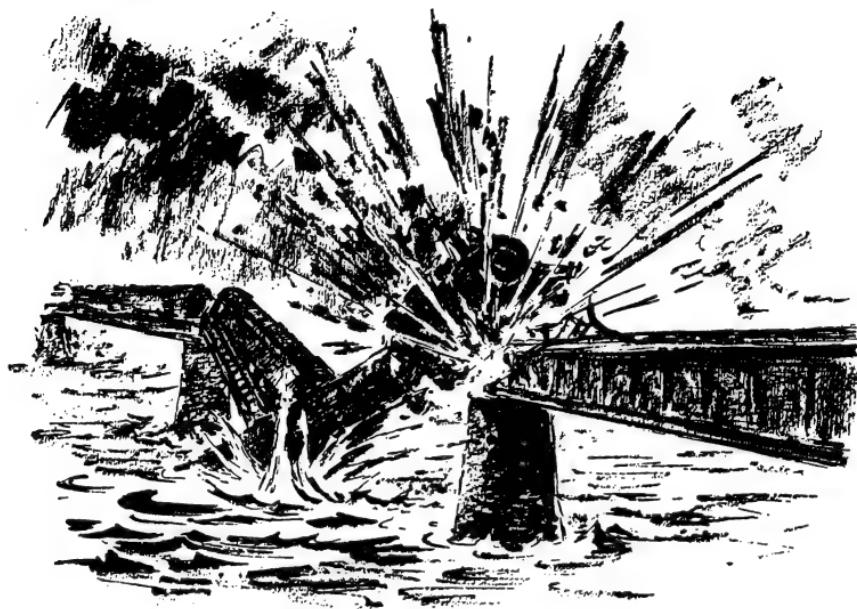
Kwan Moon gave orders.

"Proceed about 4 kilometres, then you will come to the place where our 32nd Regiment is defending. They are still in summer uniform. Take the uniforms to them in a hurry... You take two men with you, and the rest of you remain here."

The captain answered Kwan Moon readily, and Kwan Moon ordered Kim Man Suk — one of our scouts — that he should be in the engine-cab and get the train stopped in the area defended by the 2nd Battalion.

So far everything was going smoothly.

Soon after the departure of the train, the enemy soldiers, a dozen or so, and the station staff came out, as were instructed by Kwan Moon, with picks and jacks. Kwan Moon bid Li Jang Yun remain in the office to get the signal from the Chungpyung station. Choi Sang Soo



had to go to report to the Regimental H.Q. on the enemy's movements in Kapyung. Now Kwan Moon was all alone with the enemy men. Should they smell out anything, all will come to an end, and Kwan Moon himself would be in danger. That's why Choi Sang Soo did not want to leave him alone. But Kwan Moon knew it and shouted "Quick!" He even took out his gun again.

This touched Choi Sang Soo very much. Feeling a lump in his throat he left.

Presently Li Jang Yun who had been in the office came running to Kwan Moon. After a rigid salute, Jang Yun reported on the telephone conversation he had held with the station master of Chungpyung. The special train was to pass here shortly. Hearing the report, Kwan

Moon said "Good!" Then he ordered the enemy men and station employees, "Now you come along with me!"

Until then they had waited not knowing what they were going to do with the picks and jacks. So, when they were ordered to follow Kwan Moon, they eagerly stepped behind him. Walking calmly at the head, Kwan Moon looked for a place suitable to overturn the train. Some 500 metres they advanced towards Choonchun before they came to a little bridge. Kwan Moon told the men that the tracks there must be removed and dumped into the river. As to the reason, Kwan Moon explained:

"The special train that will be here soon is not ours. It is a train of the Reds. Unless we destroy this train, our men of the 32nd Regiment who are defending the region will be crushed. Do I make myself clear?"

At first, it seemed the enemy men were dubious, but presently they began to work, thinking what Kwan Moon had said could happen.

...Soon one rail after another was dropped into the river. Eventually Kwan Moon told them that it was enough, and they should back to the station.

At last a train whistle sounded in the distance. Yes, the special train with 800 enemy soldiers on it was rushing at full speed. It, like an arrow, shot through Kapyung station, sounding a long whistle.

As he watched the train rush to its death trap, he heaved a long sigh of relief. But, in the next moment, he realized what was to take place. Suddenly turning around and facing the enemy — the puppet soldiers and the staff of the station — he shouted:

"Well, if you fools want to live, run after me!"

No one knew what Kwan Moon meant, but, as he started to run, everyone did likewise. Before they even proceeded 100 meters there was a terrific explosion shaking the whole earth.

As if they had been waiting for the signal by the explosion, men of our scout unit began to fire. Then our regiment that had been hiding on the side of the hill behind Kapyung suddenly opened fire. In a flash everyone of the 800 enemy men on the special train was killed.

The puppet army soldiers and the station staff were still running after Kwan Moon, not realizing what was going on. But they were bewildered when they realized the People's Army were shooting. Now, Kwan Moon stopped and, looking around at the men who were trembling in fright, told them:

"Well, everything is up to you now. You can drop your weapons and go home. Or you can follow me. I'm a member of the Korean People's Army."

Startled were they, to say the least. They all pleaded with Kwan Moon for their lives, saying they would go with Kwan Moon.

With the surrendered enemy soldiers, Kwan Moon returned to the unit.

In the meantime, our Second Battalion, already having been informed by Yum Chul Soo what would take place, took twelve wagonloads of clothing and ammunition without firing a shot.

Soon after, Kapyung was liberated and the people came out to welcome heartily the victors — men and officers of the Korean People's Army.

★

TRUE DAUGHTER OF THE PARTY

O Gi Ok

It was one night in May 1951. Darkness gradually deepened in Karai-kol village, Hoiyang county, where a severely wounded man was suffering greatly. His pain growing somewhat easier, the patient began to breathe more evenly just before dawn.



Nurse An Yung Ai, who had been sitting up all night with him, slowly got up from her stool and began to clear away the blood-stained bandages and cotton-wool from the table. However, she kept her ear keyed to the slightest change in his breathing, and would hurry to him every now and then, laying her hand on his feverish forehead.

"Perhaps he has parents and sisters longing to hear from him... If only they were here... they would not feel tired of sitting up with him for nights. Then why should I not tend him in the same spirit? ...I must try to become a true sister to him..." Thinking thus An Yung Ai's thought turned to her own mother who also would be longing to see her, undergoing terrible sufferings in South Korea, a land of darkness.

Events of her past life since parting with her mother flashed through her mind.

Yung Ai was in charge of a class Party cell of the Girls' Normal School in Seoul when she was arrested by the police. It was just before the U.S. imperialists and their stooges, the traitorous clique of Syngman Rhee, unleashed the war in Korea. There in prison Yung Ai was subjected to cruel torture by the cutthroats, who beat her several times a day to get information about the secret of the underground Party organization.

But, however cruelly they beat her, they could not bend her iron will, nor could they open her mouth. She would only repeat her words: "A member of the Workers' Party does not divulge the secrets of the Party organization even in face of death!"

The enraged enemy applied electric torture, while searing her torn flesh with a red-hot iron rod until she fainted.

The enemy who could not make her talk for all their cruel torture sentenced her to death. Now Yung Ai, fac-

ing death in the prime of youth, reflected on her short life: "Could there be anything more worthy than to fight till death for the Party and the fatherland against the enemy? But I have not yet fulfilled my mission assigned by the Party, and still have much work to do. I do not want to die but to live, and to fight on for the Party and the revolution, for the unification and independence of the fatherland..."

Thus she made up her mind to escape death at any cost.

Yung Ai was being led to the execution ground. The escorts were a little too tipsy to pay enough attention to her. They chatted among themselves, quite ignoring her: "A wench to be shot... weak and beaten nearly to death, how could she dare try to escape?"

Meanwhile Yung Ai was keenly alert, watching for an opportunity. In a flash, she disappeared into a dark, narrow side street. Then she found her way to a people's partisan detachment and fought bravely against the enemy with arms in hand.

Then came the war, the war unleashed by the U.S. imperialists on June 25, 1950. The People's Army, beating back the U.S. armed invaders, were advancing southward when Yung Ai joined it together with her partisan comrades.

Thus started her days of war. She followed the army to the region of the Rakdong River. She fought in many battles, and devoted all her energy to the work of caring for and tending the wounded under any difficult conditions.

However, she was to undergo a more severe ordeal when the People's Army had to make a strategical retreat. She felt her heart would break when she had to withdraw from the land soaked with the blood of her

comrades-in-arms. But she knew she must endure all this to win new victory. Over the high ranges of Mt. Tai-baik, now and then holding off the enemy's attacks, she marched on and on. One night, passing near her native village, she was tortured by the thought of her mother: "Should I go and see her?" She had had no news. "Is she still living? How is she getting along..?"

But, the next moment, hardening her heart, she was mumbling to herself: "No. I can't go... I can't leave the revolutionary ranks even for a moment... Mother, forgive me for passing by your village without meeting you. I am a fighter in the triumphant ranks. I promise you to return home on the day of victory. Mother, please take care of yourself!"

Their retreat came to an end; they regrouped their forces and began to fight in the enemy occupied areas, where food and clothing were running short. But braving all difficulties, Yung Ai did everything within her power, sparing nothing, for the wounded. To bandage them, she tore pieces of cloth from her uniform and, now and then, offered them even her food ration. And all these hardships she endured so the wounded who were so eager to go and annihilate the enemy and win victory in the war might recover quickly. Her devotion to the revolutionary comrades-in-arms did not end there. She would lead a blind patient by the hand, carry a crippled patient on her back and would gladly offer her blood for the critical case. She would sit up all through the night, singing songs to help the wounded to forget their pains.

Day was breaking as Yung Ai stood leaning against a pine tree. She breathed in the fresh morning air, but this did not keep her eyelids from drooping heavily. Then she thought of the washing to be done together with her colleague, nurse Pak Moon Ja, and immediately walked toward Pak's sleeping quarters to wake her. Before long,

both of them were walking down to the riverside with a bundle of laundry.

Suddenly they saw enemy planes diving towards the gully, rending the air with their shrieks and roaring engines. Yung Ai and Moon Ja gazed at the planes, their eyes burning with rage. Then Yung Ai turned and started running towards the ward, visualizing the faces of those heavily wounded soldiers. However, when she arrived there out of breath, the ward was already in flames, the enemy planes still circling over it.

She rushed into the flames. And making the bed-ridden patients join hands together, she led them out of the roaring fire. Next she started carrying the most severely wounded on her back to a nearby shelter, one by one... She carried six of them in a matter of a few minutes. Now only one remained to be rescued. She was staggering, her body seared by the flames, yet she plunged into the burning building to save the last one.

She was just stepping out of the ward with the patient on her back when a savage enemy plane swooped down like mad. There was no time to lose. She immediately put down the patient and covered him with her body, when a bullet pierced through her breast. She gradually lapsed into unconsciousness.

When she came to, she did not know how many hours had passed. She saw only worried faces of her comrades-in-arms who were gathered around her, among them the deputy director of the field hospital.

"Comrade Deputy Director, what became of the wounded?" she asked.

"Yung Ai, all the wounded were saved thanks to your self-sacrificing efforts."

Having heard this, Yung Ai heaved a long sigh of relief as if she were relieved from some burden. Then, mustering her last strength, she brought out her Party

card carefully preserved inside her uniform, and asked the deputy director and her comrades-in-arms:

“Please, return my Party card to the Central Committee of the Party! Here is money for my Party fees.”

With these words she breathed her last.

Comrade Yung Ai, the true daughter of the Party is no more with us, but her noble revolutionary spirit will live for ever in our hearts.



THE U.S. 24TH DIVISION WAS GIVEN A GOOD LICKING

Jun Jai Pyo

Crowding the big empty lot at the foot of a mountain rising on the left of the city of Taejon, several hundreds of shabby-looking U.S. soldiers were lined up. They were prisoners of war.

Among them was one who attracted attention of our People's Army soldiers. He was wearing a skull-like helmet. (The helmet is now on display in the Fetherland Liberation War Memorial.) It seemed he was in a cold sweat lest his identity should become disclosed. The deep-set eyes beneath his drooping eyelids were betraying his fear and despair. Would anyone ever make out that he was Dean, the "brave general" of the U.S. Army?

Nevertheless, the soldiers of the Korean People's Army recognised him as Dean, Commander of the U.S. 24th Division, though he donned a soldier's uniform.

His division having been routed by the resourceful encircling operation of the Korean People's Army, Dean was at a loss what to do. It was too late to escape by a plane.

Dean had thought out a plan for escape. He let one of his aides flee in his two-starred car to make one believe

that he was in the car. Then he changed into a soldier's uniform to make his escape eventually. But he was captured in no time. (The two big stars on his car are also on display in the Fatherland Liberation War Memorial.)

The battle for the liberation of Taejon was one of the campaigns which fully demonstrated the heroic and well-arranged military operations conducted by our advancing units.

In this battle our units besieged and annihilated the U.S. 24th Division—which was called an invincible division — and the 1st Syngman Rhee puppet army.

It was the enemy's original plan to let the U.S. 24th Division follow the puppet army when the latter advanced into the northern part of the country. But to Dean's headquarters poured in news on repeated setbacks. His advance detachments went to pieces; Pyungtaik, Chunan, Juneui, and Jochiwon fell.

Bewildered by the repeated defeats, Dean hastily ordered preparations for the defence of Taejon. When "full" preparations for the defence of the city were made, the U.S. aggressors boasted that Taejon was "the line of no retreat" and an "impregnable fortress."

Such big words put Syngman Rhee at ease. He proclaimed Taejon to be a temporary capital and he was going to settle down there.

The enemy's plans, however, were seen through by our units. Our army drew up an operational plan for encircling Taejon and routing the U.S. 24th Division like a rat in a trap.

Our units crushed the stubborn resistance of the enemy, crossed the Keum River and soon liberated Kongju, Taipyung-ri and Ronsan. Now our army advanced towards Taejon hitting enemy in the front and from both flanks.

In the meantime, our 18th Infantry Guards Regiment, surmounting every difficulty, negotiated the untrodden steep mountains covering a distance of some 50 kilometres in 24 hours. Now they were deep behind the enemy line to cut off the enemy's retreat completely.

The enemy had not the slightest idea of the tactics of the People's Army. It kept bringing into Taejon reserves and reinforcements from the rear. It kept innumerable flares glaring over our positions and poured bombs and shells desperately on them.

The combined units of the People's Army which sieged Taejon on three sides started a general offensive at last. Our heavy guns thundered and machineguns rattled shaking the whole earth. But the enemy answered back furiously and kept shelling and bombing our positions.

However, as the pincers were tightened gradually in the front and the flanks, the enemy began to flee.

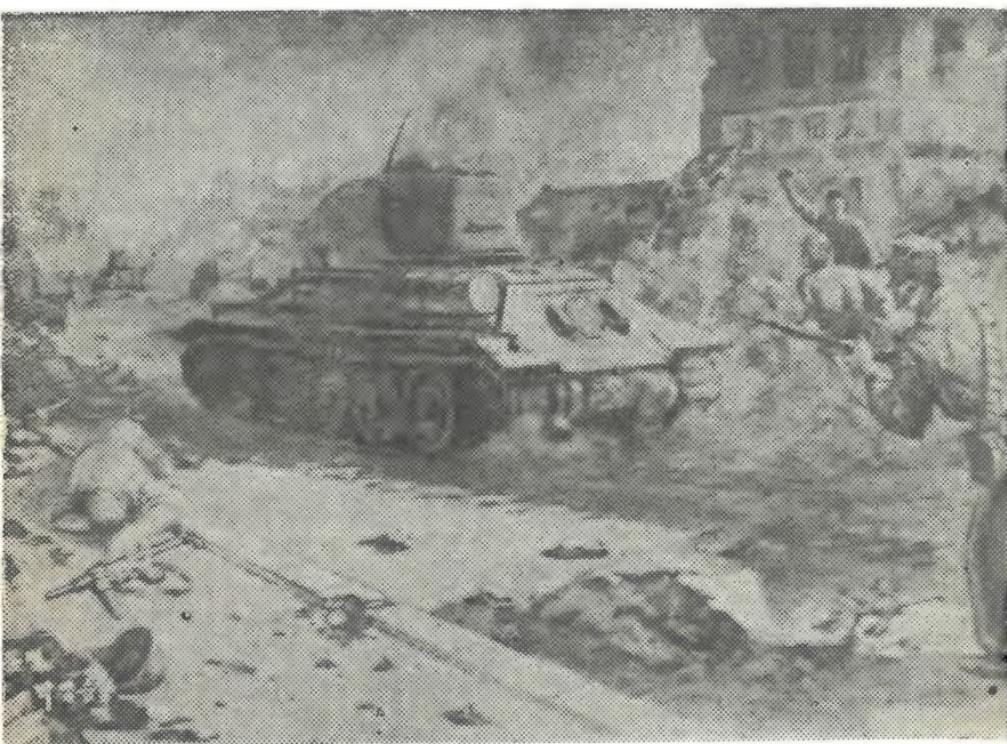
At daybreak on July 20, 1950.

The enemy was retreating along the road leading to Keumsan which our 18th Infantry Guards Regiment was holding. Armoured cars and tanks were moving in the van of hundreds of trucks and jeeps. They formed a long line, stretching about four kilometres. The first armoured car approached inch by inch the position where our men were lying in ambush.

300 metres. 100 metres! Then 50 metres!

Suddenly our men opened fire at the armoured cars of the enemy all at once. In face of the unexpected volley firing, an utter confusion arose among the enemy ranks. No sooner had the armoured cars in the lead halted spitting fire than tanks behind them opened fire.

Just at this moment men of the Second Battalion who were lying in ambush on both sides of the road showered grenades over the enemy tanks. In no time



the tanks became immobilized and all the following trucks came to a stop. Terror-stricken, the enemy soldiers jumped off the trucks and began to flee in the direction of mountains. But they were soon mowed down by our men who had been deployed there beforehand. Many others surrendered holding up their hands.

Since the road to Keumsan was completely blocked, the enemy that remained still in Taejon tried to make his way to Taegu. But the road to Taegu was held by the company commanded by Hero of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea Kim Tai Jin.

At that time a troop train rushed in from the direction of Taegu. It was obvious that the enemy was planning to flee by the train.

Our storming party let the train pass and then suddenly jumped on the locomotive engine from both sides and captured the train. Now the lines of retreat of the U.S. 24th Division were completely cut off. On every retreating route were burning numerous U.S. army trucks and tanks. All around handgrenades exploded, and shouts of hurrah of our storming parties went up. One after another the enemy trucks and tanks were burnt.

Meanwhile, a group of enemy trucks and tanks were desperately struggling to break through a corner of our line.

Had the enemy succeeded in breaking through the line, they could have joined with their reinforcements and put up more resistance to our units. And a few of them could have escaped.

At that time orderly Li Chang Hai, Hero of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, was on his way back after his reporting on the situation to the battalion headquarters. He saw the urgency of the situation. He asked the soldier who was accompanying him to do what he was to do, and dashed to the file of the enemy tanks.

The whole area was wrapped in smoke-screens that the enemy laid down. And it was very difficult to detect the movements of the enemy. But he managed to approach the place within some 15 metres from the tanks. He was about to hurl an anti-tank grenade, but he knew the distance was too long. He was only eighteen then. Braving dangers, he managed to go closer to where the enemy tanks were and hid himself in a hollow place by the roadside. By that time the tank rolled near to him, and in a flash he threw with all his might an anti-tank

grenade straight at the tank's engine. This put the enemy in complete confusion.

The enemy soldiers began fleeing in disorder towards the mountain, but they were shot or caught by our search parties.

The enemy left hundreds of wrecked trucks, armoured cars and tanks on the highway running across the plain that stretched from the city. Inside the tanks were blackened corpses of Yankee soldiers. Marks of stars and U.S.A. painted in white on them were drenched with the dirty blood of the aggressors.

The U.S. 24th Division, a division that had not suffered a single defeat in its blood-stained 100-year-long history of aggression and plunder, met with such a tragic end at the hands of the valiant men of the Korean People's Army.

The "myth" about the world "supremacy" of the U.S. imperialist aggressive army thus burst away during the three-year-long Fatherland Liberation War of the Korean people, and the war-mongers of the Pentagon were thus given a good licking.

If, today, the U.S. imperialist aggressors still refuse to draw a lesson from their defeat in the Korean war and dare to kindle an aggressive war again, they will be retaliated upon and punished thousand times harder than in the last war.



THE END OF WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH U.S. ARMY

Wui Yun Hwan

It was November 6, 1950.

Our unit, by the order of the Supreme Commander, was heading for the south from Kalgai of Joobyung-ri, Ycoji Sub-county, Pyunggang County, Kangwon Province on a mission to be performed in the area behind the enemy lines.

Though it was early winter there was a freezing wind from the East Sea which mercilessly lashed the faces of the marching soldiers.

However, the men walked fast, rather in high spirits. Their hearts were burning with revengeful thoughts. Though they were not fed and clad well and were short of sleep, the thought that the fatherland was facing a stern trial, their parents, brothers and sisters were going through terrible hardships, instilled into the minds of the soldiers burning hatred and enmity against the enemy. Furthermore, the call of the Party and the leader for a life-and-death struggle inspired them with fresh strength and courage.

During the arduous march to penetrate into the depths of the enemy's rear which lasted many days, Choi Jong Woon, an engineer platoon leader, always stood in the van of his men. In any difficult circumstances of battle he knew no fear. He was always daring and

courageous. He had fulfilled with credit many difficult combat missions behind the enemy lines. Still, his feats are fresh in my memory.

On December 13, 1950, the platoon of Choi Jong Woon received new combat orders. After a forced march of two days, they came to the vicinity of Ryunchun, Kangwon Province, where an enemy regiment was stationed. The battalion commander decided to encircle and annihilate the enemy. There were two roads--one leading from Ryunchun to Sibyun-ri and the other to Seoul.

It was quite possible that the enemy, when attacked by our unit, might run away by the road leading to Seoul. So, the highway leading to Seoul had to be blocked, and the job was assigned to Choi Jong Woon.

The night was dark and piercing cold. Choi Jong Woon and his men, seven in all, quickly moved to the crossroads leading to Junkok. They had eight anti-tank mines.

For a while he pondered where and how to lay the mines. Just at that moment Choi and his men who were



lying in ambush found a caravan of enemy trucks loaded full with military goods parked on the road some distance off. Evidently, the enemy were getting ready to retreat at any moment. In order to know better the enemy's movements, the platoon leader in the overcoat of a puppet army officer approached the place stealthily. From a short distance, he could see the puppet army men were huddling together in suspense, waiting for something with their cars assembled at one place. He got nearer to the enemy with perfect composure. Suddenly, one of the enemy soldiers came forward and challenged in a loud voice: "Who's there?"

"Why this noise?" Choi snapped back. "Gone mad, eh, you bastard!"

Then, Choi Jong Woon seized him by the collar and threw him on the snow.

"May be your eyes are mere holes, not recognizing your superior..." his voice was trembling with anger.

Seeing what was going on, the enemy soldiers were upset and fell silent. Assuming an "imposing air" of an officer of the puppet army, he strutted about the place and carefully looked around there.

After some time, he returned to the place where his platoon was hiding in ambush, and ordered his men to lay mines just where the motorcars would pass. As there were many ruts on the road, they avoided the beaten track so as to elude detection and made holes beside it to lay the mines. They strewed the mined spots with snow to prevent the enemy from noticing them. Then, they waited in ambush on both sides of the road.

A long time passed. Four o'clock sharp! It was time to start attack.

With a signal-shot, 82-mm mortars opened fire, showering the enemy with a rain of shells. The sound of shell-bursts rent the calm air of the early dawn. In no time Ryunchun became a scene of utter confusion.

Flames shot up into the sky here and there, and the enemies horrified by the most unexpected surprise attack began to retreat like so many ants in great disorder.

Watching the scene, Choi recollected the words of the battalion commander who had said just before his departure:

"Comrade Choi! There is Lieutenant General Walker in Ryunchun. He is the Commander of the Eighth U.S. Army and will be the first to take flight in case we make a surprise attack. Don't give him a chance of slipping away! Be sure to do away with him!"

Remembering these words, he involuntarily clasped his rifle tightly. Walker was a human butcher from across the Pacific. He had told the U.S. soldiers that they should kill as many innocent Koreans as possible, say, thousands, in order to dispose of one Korean patriot and should not let their hands tremble even before children or women.

His heart beat faster when he thought he should get the U.S. beast in human guise on all accounts.

As the battle grew fierce, gun-shots became noisier. Choi Jong Woon fixed his eyes on the road leading to Seoul.

Sure enough, as he had expected, a long string of enemy motorcars emerged hurry-scurry from the town along the highway leading to Seoul. Straining his eyes, the platoon leader could see a heavy tank at the head of the fleeing motor caravan, followed by one car and seven lorries. The tank was probably escorting the motorcars.

Ready for action, the platoon let the enemy motorcade come nearer. And the enemy motor caravan approached the mine-field fast.

No sooner had the enemy tank in the lead, closely followed by the car, reached the place than columns of black earth shot up with deafening sounds of explosion.

In a moment the enemy motorcars and tank were set ablaze.

Choi Jong Woon sprang to his feet and darted forward, handgrenades in hand, shouting: "Don't let them slip away. Death to the scoundrels!"

Following him, the six men dashed into the midst of the astounded Yankee soldiers throwing grenades and pumping bullets upon the enemy. Terror-stricken, the Yanks were trembling for fear of death. The trucks which were following in the wake of the tank and car, like moths flying into flames, plunged into the jumble and caught fire one after another. Enemy soldiers who managed to get out of the muddle tried to run away, but they met with their death on the spot.

Choi Jong Woon and his men showered revengeful bullets upon over 20 enemy officers.

"Don't miss any single one! Walker is among them," was their thought. They sent running bursts into them and finished off all the enemy officers.

In this battle the warriors of the Choi Jong Woon platoon destroyed one tank, one car and seven trucks, killing some eighty Yanks, among them Walker, Commander of the Eighth U.S. Army, who received his punishment then and there.

Our soldiers shouted hurrah for joy, a joy that they sent to the hell the U.S. general in the pay of the Wall Street, who had dared to wag his tongue before U.S. soldiers to say: "Your hands must not tremble even when children or the aged are before you..." This was how Walker came to his settling day as an aggressor.



KOSUNG PEOPLE AND THE FRONT AID GROUPS

Kim Won Ki

It was mid-July 1952.

The Korean war was at its height and a fierce close battle was raging for three consecutive days on Mt. Wolbi and on Height 351 on the eastern front.

Mt. Wolbi and Height 351 were such important strategical points that battles on them would open up a new phase in the war.

Everyday the enemy poured out 20,000 bombs and shells on these heights and in his attempt to dislodge our army made some 20 attacks a day on the heights.

They raved: "Height 351 is dearer than Seoul. Take it at all costs..."

Meanwhile, to cut our supply routes the enemy bombed and bombarded incessantly the areas around the Namgang river near Mt. Wolbi. A rain of bombs and shells fell constantly on the river.

As the battle grew fiercer, the number of the wounded increased and on top of this our fighters ran short of ammunition.

At this critical moment, the inhabitants of Kosung near the frontline, upholding the Party's militant call, "All for the victory on the front," rose up as one to assist the front.

The summer was sultry, but the Kosung people, men and women, youth and old, formed front aid groups and carried ammunition chests to the trenches where our men were fighting. They climbed steep slopes along paths where enemy bombs had left craters. Their hearts swelled with pride as they knew what they were doing was for the defense of the country.

Day and night they brought ammunition to the brave soldiers on the front, knowing no fatigue.

Hwang Yung Sook, chairman of the Woonhak-ri branch of the Democratic Women's Union of Korea, Bak Wol Heui, Choi In Joo and Li Choon Ja were in the front aid groups, too.

Soon heaps of ammunition chests appeared on the height. Even grandfathers and children carried ammunition to the trenches. Boundlessly inspired by this, our men on the height drew fresh courage and showered the enemy with bullets.

The local people, when they saw the People's Army mowing down the enemy with the shells and bullets they had carried, renewed their resolve to aid the front more actively.

Li Choon Ja was a Youth League member. Like her friends she came out willingly to join the front aid groups.

One day she and others were assigned to evacuate the wounded. Li Choon Ja was carrying on her back a soldier who was wounded both in the shoulder and a leg. Seeing that he was biting his lips to suppress his cries of agony, she tried to walk more carefully lest she should cause him pain.

When she came to the Namgang river she stopped. The enemy concentrated his fire on the open area along the river. And Choon Ja thought that she should not venture to cross this area. But her heart contracted as she watched the soldier who had grown paler. No, she thought, there was no time to lose. In an angry voice she shouted at the enemy blocking her way: "You, beasts, try as you may, you will never defeat us."

At that moment the enemy's shells began falling all around her. She knew from experience that they had to get across that place quickly. "Dash forward, comrades!" shouted Li Choon Ja to her comrades and she herself began to run with the wounded soldier on her back. Shells kept exploding around. She jumped into a nearby crater, lay the soldier on the ground and shielded him with her body.

The life of the wounded was more valuable than her own, was her thought.

When there was a lull in the enemy's firing, she rose up. Her face was as black as a charcoal-burner with gun-smoke and dust. When she saw the soldier was all right she drew a long sigh of relief. Presently she picked him up again and started on her way.

Li Choon Ja got married just a few days before the war broke out, but she willingly sent her husband to the front. Ever since she had been assisting the People's

Army, with the feeling that she was fighting the enemy together with her husband. No danger was too great for her if it was for the front. What concerned her most was that she should be worthy of the wife of a People's Army soldier.

As she plodded along, the wounded fighter on her back asked her:

"Are you all right?"

"Oh, I'm all right. You needn't worry about me. It is you we should worry about. You must recover fast."

As he heard her answer he was so moved that tears came to his eyes. The thought that he was leaving the height at a time when the battle was raging in full fury troubled him. His comrades-in-arms were fighting to protect these people — their own parents, brothers and sisters. And what kind and good people they were!

He was again filled with determination to get back soon and hit the enemy.

After safely covering some 8 kilometres Li Choon Ja brought the wounded soldier to the field hospital in Onjung-ri. When she returned home, she felt dead tired.

The sun was sinking over the crest of the Onjung Ridge. She roused herself and said to herself: "What am I doing now? This is no time to sit idle." She knew there were still mountains of work to do. She rose to her feet and took out the washing she had brought from the front and hurried down to the nearby stream.

She had washed so many soiled clothes of the People's Army soldiers that her nice wash board had become so thin, it had lost its original shape.

Rain or shine she did the washing — in hot summer, even in the pitch darkness of the cold winter nights. In those nights she would fumble in the darkness to locate

a hole on the frozen stream and washed soldiers' uniforms. Her fingers would be numbed.

One day, finishing her washing, she hung out the laundry to dry, and hurried to the vegetable plot and picked all the cabbages and radishes left there and pickled them.

It was late at night when she left the house again, carrying a bundle of uniforms which she had washed the day before.

The night sky was lit with the flames on Mt. Wolbi and Height 351. Even the stars seemed to have dimmed.

The fight was fierce as ever. The enemy's warships on the East Sea kept pounding the areas along the Nam-gang river.

She made her way to the spring where she had put the pickle-jar to cool it. She put the jar on her head and set out for Height 351.

As usual it was a dangerous undertaking. She began to climb the slippery slope of the height. But the heavy bundle of uniforms on her back and the 7 kilogramme pickle-jar on her head weighed down on her.

But she knew she must go. Her only thought was to help the defenders of the height a bit more and convey to the brave men on the height the earnest wish of people in the rear. Such thought gave her courage to climb up the height without taking a rest on the way.

The political commissar of the battalion on the height who knew her very well grasped her hands firmly and stood silent for a moment not knowing what to say.

On the following day, as usual, Li Choon Ja went again to the height with her friends. This time with an ammunition chest. The heroic defenders of the height came forward to welcome her.

They said: "We can never thank you enough, Comrade Li Choon Ja. The pickle you brought us has given us more strength. Today we have already beaten back the

enemy on six occasions."

A young soldier with his head bandaged put in: "Look over there at the heaps of enemy corpses! That's what your pickle did!" Li Choon Ja and her friends looked down the slope in the direction the soldier pointed. They could see stacks of the dead bodies of the U.S. soldiers.

In this way the people in Kosung, Li Choon Ja and others, assisted the People's Army. They carried shells and rations for the men on the height and evacuated the wounded to safe places. Not only that, sometimes they fought the enemy together with our armymen.

Many fell in carrying ammunition through the rain of bullets and some gave their lives while rescuing the wounded soldiers in the enemy's bombing and bombardment.

Indeed, there are countless stories which tell of the lofty political and moral tone of our people who have been educated by the Workers' Party of Korea.

Here is another story.

One day Li Choon Ja came to the field hospital in Onjung-ri carrying a wounded soldier from Height 351.

When she entered a dimly-lit room, a little boy was saying to the doctor:

"Please, treat this uncle first. He got wounded on Height 351..." His voice was choked with emotion.

"He has lost much blood. He has to be operated on right away," ordered the surgeon. At this, the little boy's grandfather who had carried the wounded suddenly said, rolling up his sleeve. "Take blood from me!"

"You can take mine, too!" The little boy who was watching by his grandfather stretched out his short arm.

The doctor said: "Oh! thank you; you have a really fine grandson. By the way... we don't know what type

your blood is. That is why I cannot take your blood. Don't feel too bad about it..." The surgeon, who approached the nurse, said to her: "Take my blood, quick!"

At this moment, Li Choon Ja came up to the surgeon and said:

"No. You can't. You have many wounded to take care of. So you mustn't do that. You can take from me as much blood as you need. I am healthy and my blood is 'O' type. So you can use it for anybody."

She was so stubborn that the surgeon accepted her offer.

When the blood-transfusion was over, the pale soldier's face gradually gained colour.

More than anyone else, Li Choon Ja was glad, as she thought her own blood flowed into the heart of a soldier and gave life to him, bringing him new energy. He would lodge bullets in the hearts of the enemy when he recovered.

But Li Choon Ja was not the only one that donated blood to the wounded soldiers. Kim Dong Sil and many others of the front aid groups also gave their blood to the wounded.

The enemy's desperate bombing and shelling in the Namgang area to cut our supply routes could not break the powerful political and moral unity sealed with blood between the People's Army and the people. Nor could the enemy stop the heroic activities of the front aid groups.

At last the enemy had to kneel before our army and people. The united might of the People's Army and the people, more powerful than the atomic weapons, smashed the enemy not only in the Kosung area but along the whole front.



JO OK HI

Kwak Jong Soo

It was in the autumn of 1950, when the temporary retreat of our People's Army began. Thus, a severe trial came to the Korean people.

The enemy with their blood-stained toes crossed the 38th parallel and came near Byuksung county of Hwanghai Province, North Korea.

"What shall we do to pull through the danger?" Jo Ok Hi, chairman of the Democratic Women's Union branch in the county, asked herself. "What is needed to save the mothers and children from being trodden under the dirty hoofs of the enemy?"

While thinking about the safety of the mothers and children, she profoundly realized her responsibility as the chairman of the Democratic Women's Union organization, a weighty and sacred responsibility. She made up her mind to give death to the enemy, to spare none of them.

On the night of October 16, an emergency meeting was called at the county Party committee. The chairman of the county Party committee said solemnly to the leading personnel of the county:

"As you know, our country is now faced with a grave danger. But we are sure of our final victory. Now, we must organize guerrilla units with the Party members and people and strike at the enemy. This is the order of the Party and the leader. Yes, we must not give foothold for the enemy to hang on, nor give them even a drop of water and a grain of rice. Our task is to strike terror into the cowardly hearts of the enemy by attacking the enemy's headquarters by surprise, by blowing up their ammunition depots and bridges and cutting off their retreat."

Every word of the county Party committee chairman inspired courage and strength in the heart of Jo Ok Hi. Her eyes flashed with inappeasable hatred to the enemy.

She was firmly resolved to organize a guerrilla unit and fight with arms in hand to spray the enemy with death and curse.

* * *

Jo Ok Hi joined up with a guerrilla unit which had

the name of "Eunpa Mountain People's Guerrilla Unit." They operated from the base in Jinam Mountain rising over the three counties of Byuksung, Shinwon and Shin-chun.

At first Jo Ok Hi was in charge of the Q department of the guerrilla headquarters. Keeping secret contacts with members of the Democratic Women's Union in the county, she contrived to collect provisions, clothes, foot-wear, etc., which were carried to the Jinam Mountain base. She also conducted propaganda work among the aged folk and women, exposing the atrocities of the enemy in detail, to inspire them with enmity against the enemy and instil in them a firm conviction of victory. As days went by, the guerrilla warfare gained ground and the local population came out to give assistance to the guerrillas.

In the course of the fierce guerrilla struggle, Jo Ok Hi was trained into a fighter with an iron will. As she distinguished herself as a woman guerrilla and a victory inspirer, her name gradually became known far and wide in the county and people came to pronounce it with a feeling of deep affection and respect.

Towards the end of October, there took place an assault on the enemy entrenched in the village of Riman-ri of Kosan sub-county, Byuksung county. It was decided to divide up the guerrillas into two groups and attack the enemy headquarters from two sides, from the east and the west.

Jo Ok Hi was in the group which attacked from the east. Taking advantage of the darkness, they approached the enemy headquarters which was housed in the former orphanage. When they came quite near, they crawled up to the house and waited for the attack signal with bated breath. The house was brightly illumined and a carousal was going on inside it. The scoundrels were revelling it,

eating the roast meat of a cow they had taken from a peasant by force.

"There can be no mercy for them. Never... never..." Jo Ok Hi said to herself, gnashing her teeth with simmering anger. Just then, a shot rang out breaking the silence of the night, which was followed by the shout: "Charge!"

"Don't let anyone of the enemy slip away," shouted Comrade Kim who led the group which was attacking the house from the west.

The moment the order was given, Jo Ok Hi jumped to her feet and darted forward together with other guerrillas. As she ran she hurled a handgrenade through the window, sending the windowpanes flying in all directions in pieces. It exploded with a bang amidst the revelling rout in the room. Panic-stricken cries mingled with groans could be heard from inside.

Leaving the enemy to the other comrades, Jo Ok Hi hurried to the warehouse of the village people's committee now used as a lockup where peasants were detained and tortured by the enemy. When she smashed the large padlock and opened the door, the people filling the place to overflowing poured out, shouting hurrahs. Their faces and clothes were blood-stained all over, which showed what savage treatment they had received and what inhuman tortures they had been put to.

"Quick!" Jo Ok Hi cried, "Be quick to follow us!"

She led all of them to a safe place.

As the guerrillas expanded their achievements in battle, the enemy intensified their "punitive operations."

At the middle of November, a company of the puppet army commanded by a U.S. officer came to the village of Gahyun-ri. Their assignment was to "mop up" the people's guerrillas in Eunpa Mountain by means of blitzkrieg. And "punitive operations" began. They attacked the guerrillas in Jinam Mountain and the adjacent Byung-poong Mountain two or three times every day, only to sus-

tain severe blows and run away leaving many bodies behind.

Jo Ok Hi took part in battle every time and fought heroically as a combatant. Sometimes, she also did the job of a medical orderly.

The enemy, however, was stubborn. They attacked the guerrilla base desperately. Battle went on for several days. As the battle grew fierce and hard, the People's Guerrillas in Eunpa Mountain resolved to fight valiantly, as the anti-Japanese partisans led by Marshal Kim Il Sung did in the past, in defence of every inch of their fatherland.

At last, the enemy sprayed the mountain with gasoline and set it on fire. Then, putting up a machine-gun barrage, they began to climb the mountain. It was harder to resist the enemy now, but the partisans, without flinching in front of the oncoming enemy, hit back dealing severe blows at him, adroitly combining ambush, surprise attack and defence. The enemy suffered a great loss both in manpower and materiel. But by this time the guerrillas had run out of ammunition and had only a few grenades. Despite their loss, the enemy pushed forward like mad and encircled the guerrilla base.

Jo Ok Hi prepared herself for the showdown battle. Looking down on the enemy who were closing in on the partisans from all sides, she looked rather calm than daunted. The last grenade in hand, she was ready to jump into the midst of the enemy soldiers at any moment.

She was disdainfully looking at the enemy, her face glowing with an eternal dignity and an unshakable confidence in the righteousness of the cause she was standing for, which no death could ever conquer.

Suddenly, Jo Ok Hi raised herself and leapt out of the trench as quickly as lightning, crying:

“You bastards, here is something for you!”

She dashed forward and threw the handgrenade into

the midst of the enemy. A cluster of enemy soldiers fell all of a heap. But a bullet got her in the left leg. She sank to the ground.

She gathered all her strength to rise to her feet. She swung back her rifle-butt to strike at the approaching enemy. Seeing her standing up to her full height in their way, the enemy were taken aback and took a few steps back. Her eyes burnt with hatred and blazed as if they were starting out from her head.

She struck at the enemy right and left with her rifle-butt and bayonet. Now, the enemy too were desperate. A fierce hand-to-hand fight went on. Exhausted from her wound, she again fell to the ground, when she was captured by the enemy.

She was taken to the seat of Byuksung county and then to Haijoo. She was put to the most cruel tortures. She was thrashed to a jelly with leather bands and clubs. And then there was the electric torture to make her lose consciousness. But she was stubborn, she did not give away the secret of the guerrilla unit. Furious at her stubbornness, the scoundrels employed the most cruel methods of torture against her.

“You sons of a bitch,” she spat at their mugs. “You can kill me all right, but you can't make me yield. Don't expect me to give away the secret of my comrades. Remember I'm a member of the Workers' Party of Korea!”

Seeing her utter these words with a scornful smile on her face, the hooligans were struck cold at heart. Unable to get anything from her, the enemy eventually revealed their true colours as wolves. The enemy pulled out her finger-nails one by one, gouged out her eyeballs, burned her body with heated iron pokers and cut out her breasts.

But no torture could bend her iron will and open her closely shut mouth. More than once she lost her senses while being barbarously tortured. But whenever she came

to herself, she gave a death-defying fight to the enemy in both the torture room and the cell, with a resolve to take her revenge upon the enemy at all costs. For her, fight was sacred. For her, the fight was associated with the noble mission of man, a bright future of the country, and shining victory of communism. It was also connected with the lofty duty of a Party member and the dignity of a revolutionary. She did not give up fight even for a moment.

Jo Ok Hi used to say to her co-inmates:

“Comrades, you should not surrender to the enemy. When we take pride in being man, we mean a real man, the unvanquished.

“We must fight on as long as our hearts beat and the fight will always bring us victory. Our people fighting in defence of justice have such a great strength and spirit that no arms of the enemy can break it.

“The enemy has scooped out my two eyeballs, pulled out my 10 finger-nails, cut out my breasts. They can even kill me. But they can never conquer my spirit.”

Realising that they could get no secret from her and could not bring her to her knees, the enemy took her to the execution ground at the end of November.

A cutting wind was blowing from the sea and heavy dark clouds hung low. The raging waves were beating upon the foot of the precipice of Koonyung Rock on the coast of Ryongdang-po.

Jo Ok Hi, bare-footed and her hands bound behind her back, stood seawards on the Koonyung Rock.

Her face was bluish and murky from torture and bore many scars, her clothes torn to tatters and stained all over with blood. Blood was trickling down from her fingers and toes. Her dishevelled hair was waving in the cutting sea-wind.

Her eyeballs gouged out, Jo Ok Hi stood there like a

giant and inhaled the cold air till all was blue. Then she strained her ears as if to catch a sound.

She could not see, but could hear the waves swashing against the rock below her, waves that were dashing on as if to swallow up the enemy.

Making their rifle bolts noisily clatter, Yankee murderers came up to Jo Ok Hi and said in a coaxing voice: "Still it is not late for you to tell the secret of the guerrillas. If you do so, you shall live. We hope you will not miss the last chance offered to you by us beneficent Americans."

Jo Ok Hi twisted her tied hands and trembled with a deadly hatred towards the enemy.

"I would rather die than surrender to you..." she snapped. "Today I die, but I have behind me the People's Army that will certainly revenge me on you. Victory belongs to us..."

No sooner Jo Ok Hi had said this than an order was given to the firing squad. A volley of shots rang out. Jo Ok Hi faltered, took a step or two forward, then, stood still with her legs slightly apart. She cried out, gasping yet persistently: "Long live the Workers' Party of Korea!..."

Another volley was fired. Jo Ok Hi gathered her breath and cried with all her strength: "Long live General Kim Il Sung!... Long live...!"

Her shout resounded far over the raging sea of Ryong-dang-po.

Comrade Jo Ok Hi died a hero's death.

She dealt staggering blows to the enemy and always struck terror into the heart of the enemy. She had fought to the last of her life.

Her indomitable fighting spirit, enmity, immense love of the country inspired our fighting people with confidence in victory and encouraged them to come out dauntlessly

in the battle against the enemy.

In March 1951, the Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea honoured her posthumously with the title of Hero of the D.P.R.K.



THE LOCOMOTIVE NAMED FOR AN SUNG GOOK

Jang Kyung Joon

It was one night in early February 1951. An Sung Gook, an engine-driver, was heading for the front as usual, firmly grasping the lever of his locomotive. Stars were twinkling in the quiet, cold sky and the fields all around, covered with a layer of white snow, shimmered in the pale light reflected by the starry night sky. Quiet reigned all around, and the world seemed to be fast asleep. Only sweeping flashes of search light from a hill top and the roaring of the distant cannonade were all that disturbed the nocturnal quietness.

The train which had passed the Baihwa Station, was now crossing the boundless plain, puffing out curls of white smoke.

Just at this juncture, a rifle shot rang out in the rear of the train — a warning signal fired by one of the People's Army men in charge of the transport of war supplies.

"Airplanes!" shouted the assistant engine-drivers in unison. However, Sung Gook continued to run his train at full speed, for he knew there was no place to take cover.

Gradually a dull drone of planes could be heard.

"Comrades, you take shelter close by the boiler!"

Sung Gook shouted to his assistants and, having seen them crouch by the boiler, looked up at the sky.

As he expected, the repulsive body of an enemy plane was seen diving towards him. Sung Gook suddenly jammed on the emergency brakes.

Soon he heard a loud explosion of a bomb that had landed in a paddyfield a little distance from him. Geysers of earth and rock rained down on his engine. The plane, which had missed aim, zoomed upward before returning to the attack. Sung Gook hurriedly pulled his lever again.

The desperate enemy plane came again, raking the train from tail to head. However, Sung Gook got through the ordeal without accident.

"Rage and struggle, you rat, I'm prepared for any emergency," muttered Sung Gook to himself, still running on with his hand on the lever. His assistants, too, now all returned to their posts, began to stoke the firebox in high spirits.

Meanwhile, the enemy plane, which flew past the train without hitting it, came again straight towards the locomotive engine, flying at low altitude. Its machine-gun began to bark, "pft-pft-pft..." Just at that moment, a flash was observed in the rear of the train followed by a loud explosion. A freight-car in the rear had been hit by the enemy bullet.

"What should I do?" Sung Gook thought to himself. "If it is left alone, the fire will immediately spread to other cars loaded with explosives."

Sung Gook stopped the engine and was about to get down, leaving word to his crew members: "I'll be back soon. Take care of the engine during my absence!" But before he took a step forward he was stopped by one of his assistants: "No, you won't do that. Let me go and uncouple the car." The assistant insisted that it was a duty of the assistant engine-driver to uncouple a car, not

the engine-driver's. Then another assistant, too, expressed his wish to go, saying that he was a past master at it. Sung Gook declined all their proposals. However, the assistants, too, were not to yield so easily.

Now Sung Gook told them in a tone of command: "It's not a time to argue—Why don't you obey my order when time is so pressing, even a second should not be wasted."

With these words Sung Gook jumped down to the ground.

He was a brave and fearless man, who always stood in the van of difficult work, a man who always thought of his comrades before himself in a moment of impending danger.

Sung Gook was soon crawling on all-fours towards the car wrapped in flames. Shells and bombs kept bursting one after another sending shrapnels in all directions. Cartridges, live and empty, flew over his head and the smoke-laden wind lashed hard against his face, making it difficult for him to breathe.

On top of that, the enemy plane, which tricked him into thinking that it had disappeared completely, made another appearance, spitting fire from its machine-gun. But, never daunted and not losing his head, he crawled on towards the car and separated the air hose with his nimble hands. He had only to disjoin the coupling, but could not unfasten the bolt. The enemy plane continued its strafing. Shells in the car burst without interruption, and the acrid powder-smoke and flames threatened to suffocate him.

His face was seared by the flames and his uniform torn to pieces, but he never shrank before the danger. He shouted towards the men in the locomotive engine: "Back, back!"

Fortunately the assistant engine-drivers heard his cry and moved the engine a little backward with a short

whistle. With a quick deft movement he loosened the coupling bolt, and the next moment the car was separated from the train.

Leaving a burning car behind, the locomotive moved forward, gradually gaining speed.

In the first half of 1951 alone, An Sung Gook saved through his brave acts 60 cars of military goods from the enemy bombing on three occasions, and in November of the same year, he again saved 6 cars of ammunition and 28 cars of provisions by separating them from those wrapped in flames.



He fulfilled the yearly mileage plan for 1952 by November 13 and by the year end, had overfulfilled the plan by 80.8 per cent, while carrying 114 cars of military goods over and above the plan. In the whole course of 1952, he saved from the enemy bombing a total of 24 locomotives and 378 cars of military goods, and detonated a number of time-bombs at great risk to life.

On May 26, 1953, he sacrificed his life in saving a car, loaded to capacity with war supplies, from the bombing in the compounds of the Hamheung Station.

The Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly of the D.P.R.K. conferred upon him posthumously the title of Hero of the Republic in recognition of his distinguished merits in the war, and the Cabinet of the Republic decided to call his engine, Mikasu 158, the "An Sung Gook Locomotive."



LET'S WORK WITH ONE THOUSAND TIMES GREATER ENERGIES

Nam Ho

As the war became severer, Labour Hero Ko Yung Sook, a weaver, worked harder without sparing herself to weave even one more inch of fabrics to meet the wartime needs.

She worked day and night.

The whole land was in war flames. Ko Yung Sook, like all other people who rose in a decisive battle upon which the destiny of the fatherland was staked, stood firm at her looms, gritting her teeth with irreconcilable hatred against the enemy.

"We will take our revenge on all accounts," she said to herself, her fists clenched tightly. "Everyone, man or woman, is in duty bound to defend the fatherland from the enemy's encroachment. This is a sacred duty. Without fatherland, there can be no life and happiness, nor joy and future".

This was her firm belief and a truth which she had confirmed through her long, bitter experience.

Born into a poor peasant family on Cheju Island in 1929, Ko Yung Sook had undergone all the tribulations of life from her childhood. Instead of going to school, she

had to weed the field for the landlord, pinched by hunger all the time. At the age of sixteen she was drafted as a worker to do forced labour for the Japanese imperialists and separated from her beloved parents, brothers and sisters.

Ferried across the straits to the main land, she was sent to a textile mill run by a Japanese. At this mill she experienced all manner of ill-treatment: insult and humiliation, 16 hours of heavy work and two bean-cake meals a day, stay-at-home life at the prison-like dormitory... This Japanese-owned textile mill could be compared to a big oil press squeezing sweat and blood out of the Korean girls without reservation.

Feeling choky in the grip of this monstrous "press," Ko Yung Sook would ask herself: "Where do all these hardships and sufferings come from?"

Then she muttered: "This is because we Koreans have no fatherland and are fettered to Japanese imperialism."

No one had ever taught this truth to her. But through her own experience of hard labour and gloomy suffocating life, she came to grasp it by herself.

Eventually, however, the Japanese domination came to an end. The liberation of Korea on August 15, 1945 opened up broad vistas before her, promising her a new life and bright hope for the future. She became a proud citizen of our Republic and master of the textile mill. She devoted her all to national construction.

For the first time in her life, she learned how to read and write at the adult school, and then studied technique. In 1946 she became a three-loom operator.

The fatherland prospered and grew richer and life became more joyous with each passing day. The people enjoyed their worthwhile labour, talking about their beautiful future and happiness. They also talked about the peaceful reunification of the country.

Our peaceful, ever prosperous country, however, was set on fire by the U.S. imperialist beasts in June 1950. A war was started by them.

Seized with patriotic wrath, Ko Yung Sook gnashed her teeth. She pledged in her heart: I will never allow the foreign aggressors to encroach on my fatherland; I will not allow myself to become a homeless slave again; I will revenge myself upon the Yankees.

Many of the young male workers volunteered for service in the army and went to the front. Then she determined to take over what men had been doing. She helped in the assembly and repairs of machines, and worked with redoubled energy to increase the production.

Our People's Army defeated the enemy on all fronts and advanced as far as the Rakdong River. However, there came a period of grim trials: after several months of triumphant advance our People's Army was compelled to beat a temporary, strategic retreat.

At that time the Party committee of the mill held a meeting to discuss the problems of organized retreat of workers and the dismantling of equipment and its evacuation to the rear. The meeting also took up the question of Ko Yung Sook's membership in the Party, and it was decided that she be made a member of the glorious Workers' Party of Korea.

Taking advantage of our retreat, the blood-thirsty enemy bombed and strafed our peaceful towns and villages day and night without discrimination, playing havoc with them. Innumerable women, children and aged people were killed. At the sight of the terrible scenes, Ko Yung Sook felt her heart ready to burst. Yet, she never yielded. She was sure that the retreat would be followed by a smashing blow to the enemy, a slashing revenge on him. As the enemy became more outrageous in his destruction and atrocity, her hatred against the enemy grew bitterer. She was ablaze with fierce fighting spirit.

With the mill Ko Yung Sook evacuated to a safer place, where she worked with might and main, putting up with all inconveniences. It was in the depth of winter attended with blizzard and the temperature stood at 40 degrees below zero. But she, defying the bitter cold, assembled and repaired machines and sometimes went to a nearby mountain to gather firewood. In all work she stood in the van of her co-workers. She always thought about the People's Army soldiers fighting at the front shedding blood, and this gave her strength to pull through.

In February 1951, the machines were set in motion again. Then, six old-fashioned Japanese looms were put in her charge.

Almost all the evacuated machines were outdated and, worse still, spare parts in stock were very few. To operate looms in the severe cold the workers had to bank a fire to warm their hands. And the workplace was so narrow that it was inconvenient for her to move round the looms.

But nothing could daunt her. Displaying the spirit of self-reliance, she got over one difficulty after another. She tapped every potentiality, economized materials running short and made by herself what were needed.

Especially the National Conference of Activists in Industry and Transport held in early 1952 instilled in her a fresh courage. She attended the conference and, for the first time, personally saw Marshal Kim Il Sung, the beloved leader of the Korean people and the Supreme Commander of the People's Army. Though having so many military affairs to attend to, Marshal Kim Il Sung found time to come to the meeting, and inspired the attendants of the meeting with boundless courage.

Ko Yung Sook, with great emotion and joy, made a speech at the meeting. Expressing her determination to surmount all difficulties and hardships and weave more



fabrics for victory in the war, Ko Yung Sook gave a pledge that she would weave 88,704 metres of fabrics for 1952 over her original quota of 77,120 metres. At this conference she had the honour of being decorated with an Order of National Flag First Class. Later she was awarded the title of Labour Hero.

Returning to her workplace from the meeting, she did her best for increased production as she had pledged herself before the Party and the leader. But it was by no means an easy job to overfulfil the vast plan ahead of schedule with the same old machines and under the same unfavourable working conditions. But she never allowed herself to succumb to difficulties or mark time when a decisive battle was in progress against the enemy.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "Can't I find a better method of work?"

In her opinion, introduction of new, advanced methods of work was of paramount importance.

She racked her brains: "Can't I do the work more

rapidly, in a more rational way—the work of looking round the machines, of exchanging the shuttles and tying threads together?"

To take the method of looking round machines alone for example, there was ample room for improvement. When the machines stopped, she would fly hurry-scurry from one machine to another to bring them back into motion. Such work method cost her much labour and yet the productivity was low.

Ko Yung Sook racked her brains to get rid of her old work method, and at last succeeded in introducing a new method of making the rounds of her six looms, a method of treading the course of the figure "8".

This method made work more interesting and increased efficiency. It enabled her, above all, to adjust warps methodically and check the woven fabrics, which helped towards improving the quality of the products.

Ko Yung Sook did not content herself with this; she introduced new methods in shuttle-exchange and thread tying, too. She reduced the time of exchanging a shuttle from 7 seconds to 5 and that of tying a broken thread together from 20 seconds to 15. As a result, her output of fabrics showed a marked rise.

What made it possible for her to introduce such advanced working methods and register marvelous results in production? It was attributable to the dauntless fighting spirit and the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance she had displayed for victory in the war.

Ko Yung Sook widely popularised her advanced technique among the weavers, and all the weavers, following her example, intensified their struggle for increased production. For victory in the war they tightened their belts and wove fabrics day and night. In the meantime, they devoted all their wisdom and energy to the study of advanced work methods.

Advanced work methods were popularised throughout the mill and the technical standards of the weavers improved markedly. Whereas a weaver had tended 1.87 looms on an average before the outbreak of the war, now the figure stood at three. Prior to the war each loom averaged 3.5 metres of fabrics an hour, but now the figure rose to 4.4. The result was that 99 more looms were operated by 52 less weavers than before.

The volume of production grew rapidly as days went by. Weavers emulated each other and gave mutual help in surmounting difficulties. They were always cheerful and would sing revolutionary songs joyfully while tending their looms.

By November 4 Ko Yung Sook creditably fulfilled her yearly quota, keeping her promise made before the leader, and set herself a new target — to hit 100,000-metre mark before the year-end.

Her ardent desire to be faithful to the Party and to serve the fatherland and the people, her unbending fighting spirit and implacable hatred against the enemy made her perform another miracle — on December 1 her new target of 100,000 metres was beaten.

Hero of Labour Ko Yung Sook, a true daughter of the fatherland, used to say to her fellow weavers:

“Don’t give in to the enemy! We will be victorious in the war if we work for victory with one hundred, nay, one thousand times greater energies.”

These words of hers came true. Work with one hundred, one thousand times greater energies at last resulted in victory over the enemy — U.S. imperialism.



TO STRUGGLE FOR FOOD IS TO FIGHT FOR THE FATHERLAND

Yoo Mi Dam

It was in the fall of 1952. The Uhruri plain of Hwanghai Province promised another rich harvest. Paddy-fields were billowing gently in the breeze with their heavy golden ears of rice. A village of a modest size, Ogook-ri, was lying right in the middle of the plain, surrounded by the sea of ripening crop.

One day the village was visited by a group of people from the provincial Party committee and the county people's committee. There were also newsmen and cameramen.

Surprised, the villagers asked: "How do you do, comrades, but what has brought you here?"

"I want to see Comrade Yoo Man Ok," said a newsmen from Pyongyang.

"Really," exclaimed a man who turned out to be vice-chairman of the county people's committee, "I, too, have come to see her."

It turned out that all of them were there to see Yoo Man Ok.

"Will you tell me where she is?" the newsmen asked eagerly.

Who was this Yoo Man Ok, so many people want-



ing to see her? No wonder! She was a woman who gathered in 360 kamani of rice per hectare, all on her own.

Learning that they had come to see Yoo Man Ok, the villagers were happy, for Yoo Man Ok was not only their pride but model peasant who encouraged and taught them to introduce advanced method of farming.

"You'll find her in the paddies."

Several women were eager enough to go out to the fields to show the way for the guests. Along a footpath, pushing their way through the well-ripened rice, they made for the field.

The autumn sky was clear and the sun was shining brightly over the earth.

"Look over there, that's where she works," said one of the women, pointing. They looked in the direction indicated by her, but they could not find Yoo Man Ok there. It was, however, distinct which was her field. There was something different about it from other patches.

Though they could not see exactly from the distance how well the rice crop had grown, it was clear the paddy field cultivated by Yoo Man Ok was kept with utmost care. Striking the visitors' eyes were straw ropes stretched crisscross between the rows to keep the stalks from bending under the weight of the so well-ripened ears.

"Splendid!..." exclaimed one of the visitors involuntarily at the sight of the rich crop, he simply could not find better words to express his admiration. After a while a cameraman repeated:

"Splendid!"

"Yes, it's really marvellous," chimed in a newsman.

Turning to the women farmers who were standing by them, the vice-chairman of the county people's committee asked:

"Where is Man Ok?"

"In the paddy field most likely," said one of the women. "She never fails to make a round of her field every day to see the thriving rice crop. A little while ago we saw her on her way to the field. But..."

Here the woman stopped smilingly. The other women were chuckling.

"The rice stalks are so high and... Comrade Man Ok is so little," the other woman took up the conversation, "that you can't see her when she is in the paddies. That's what it is."

The ears of the rice crop were really touching the breasts of the men who were standing on the footpath.

"Man Ok!" the women called out in a chorus.

Then came a quick response from a nearby place: "Aye, here I am!"

"There are people wanting to see you."

There was no reply, but she came out onto the foot-path. Cameramen trained cameras on her.

Just then, the drone of aircraft could be heard. Looking up, they saw U.S. air pirates flying at a high altitude heading for somewhere. When she saw the enemy planes, she made a stern face, knitting her brows.

It was not until some time later that she turned her eyes off the planes. Her eyes, now putting on a gentle look, travelled over the field, as if caressing it tenderly. She was glad that the farmers were having a rich crop.

In every grain of the ripening rice, she saw the realization of her wish and the reward of her labour.

But her labour put in every grain was not merely the labour of an ordinary peasant. It contained something which distinguished her from others.

That was why a fierce look came over her face when she looked at the U.S. aircraft.

* * *

Born into the family of a poor tenant farmer, Yoo Man Ok knew from her childhood all sorts of hardships. Her marriage with the son of a poor peasant did not improve her lot either. But the liberation of the country on August 15, 1945 brought an end to her miserable life.

Like all other peasants, she and her husband also received land from the state without compensation, which marked a turning point in their life. Before liberation when they were subjected to oppression and exploitation, farm work had brought them only pain and sorrow. But under the people's government it brought merriment, happiness and pride. Their life became bountiful and joyous every year.

Their happy life, however, was disrupted when war was unleashed in Korea by the U.S. imperialists.

During the temporary strategic retreat of the Korean People's Army, the rapacious American devils occupied the village of Yoo Man Ok and not only killed her husband and many of her relatives, but burnt down her house.

But Yoo Man Ok never allowed herself to lose heart at the misfortunes. She joined the partisans operating in Mt. Koowol and fought the enemy.

When the village of Ogook-ri was liberated from the enemy by the People's Army, she came back to the village from the mountain. She was firmly determined to take revenge on the enemy who had killed her husband and relatives. "The only way of vengeance is to win the war at all costs," she told herself. "To win I must produce as much rice as possible."

It was not an easy job, working the field all by herself.

There was no ox to plough the field, nor sufficient farm implements. But no amount of difficulties could break her strong will.

The chairmen of the village people's committee and the sub-county Party committee often came to encourage her. They would say:

"We must not leave even an inch of land to lie fallow. To us, one grain of rice means one bullet to kill the enemy! As our Premier has said, to struggle for food is to fight for the fatherland! You should always keep this in mind."

"Yes," she thought, "struggle for food is not only a struggle for the fatherland, but it is a battle to annihilate the enemy..."

Then, she would fall to work with redoubled energies. She worked to put the devastated land in good shape, and did everything to ameliorate the soil.

Now the whole village turned out to do the farming with fiery zeal. Democratic Youth League shock brigades were organized by young folks, and women organized Women's Union revenge brigades.

Yoo Man Ok, now a revenge brigade member, took up the plough and upturned the fields, which had been regarded as a job of the man before. Women did everything with a good grace, surmounting all difficulties, for they were conscious that in doing so, they were doing their bit in delivering death to the enemy.

Yoo Man Ok had to suffer another tragic loss. The American air pirates took the life of her only son Je Jong when they bombed and machinegunned the village one day.

"You devils!" she cried. "Yankee cannibals! You've deprived me of everything—my husband, my relatives and now my dear son..."

But she never succumbed to grief. She worked still harder.

The harvest for 1951 was much better than expected. In spite of the shortage of farm implements and fertilizer, she yielded 7 tons of grain per hectare.

Yoo Man Ok offered 50 kamani of rice by way of aiding the front.

Then she resolved to make 1,000 straw-bags as grain containers during the winter, a slack season for the farmers, and introduce cold-bed as well as dry-bed rice seedlings next year.

The initiative of Yoo Man Ok got hearty response, and with the active help of the village people's committee straw-bag making teams were formed in the Women's Union revenge brigades.

The straw-bag making during that winter was graphic expression of the amazing zeal and devotion she displayed in aiding the front.

She put a chart on the wall opposite her straw-bag-making machine to indicate the daily result of her work.

A red line on the chart went up fast everyday, narrowing the gap between it and the goal—1,000.

At last the goal was reached in 33 days instead of the scheduled time of 50 days. The other women followed her in fulfilling their assigned quotas.

Drawing on her experience gained in the previous year, Yoo Man Ok made from the early spring of 1952 preparations for the year's farming. She was determined to introduce advanced methods in all the farm work.

One year's experience had made her wiser. In addition, she was helped by the instructor of the village people's committee in applying new methods.

She was firmly persuaded that a good crop depended on good preparations. She applied a large quantity of silt and compost to the field, carrying them on her back. She worked day and night. Seeing her working with such a devotion, all the other women in the village were greatly moved, and strove to emulate her.

She laid out nurseries both for cold-bed and dry-bed rice seedlings. The method of cold-bed rice seedlings required much more labour than the ordinary method, but it yielded far better result than the latter. When she saw the seedlings growing fast inside the framed windbreak, she felt really happy.

She took tender care of the seedlings on the dry-beds, putting windbreaks and covers on the beds and watering them regularly. In this, she was given much technical help by the village people's committee. People say farming is a difficult job. And it is fair to say so. But success in the work of growing crops depends on whether the farmer exerts all possible efforts or not.

The paddy fields tended by Yoo Man Ok testified to this.

She always stood in the lead in the farm work. She applied several times larger amount of compost, sowed the seeds earlier and weeded oftener than others. She also took more pains to introduce new methods of farming.

Such in brief is how much labour she put in her 5,000-odd pyung (one pyung equals 3.305 square metres) of paddy field. But the brief remark that she exerted more efforts than others implies a lot of trouble as well as a burning ardour. She was not only a good farmer herself, but a good helper to those who were short-handed. She set an example of ploughing more than 23,000 pyung of fields for the bereaved families of patriotic martyrs and dependents of servicemen.

She was a veritable incarnation of patriotism, comradeship, and diligence. She also hated the enemy more than anyone else.

For her, struggle for food was, as our Premier said, struggle for the fatherland and the way of taking revenge on the enemy.

Her efforts bore fruits at last. She gathered in 360 kamani of rice per hectare, instead of the original target —260 kamani. This was four times as much as the yield of an ordinary peasant; it was something of a miracle. People, especially farmers, paid a high tribute to her.

Visitors kept coming to see her from various parts of the country to acquaint themselves with her farming methods.

She made another big contribution of rice—80 kamani—to aid the People's Army fighting on the front.

At the National Conference of Active Peasants held early in 1953, she had the honour of meeting Marshal Kim Il Sung. She was invited to sit in the presidium. Her achievements were highly praised.

In recognition of her service for the cause of the

fatherland and the victory of the war, Yoo Man Ok was decorated twice (the Orders of National Flag Second and Third Class) during the war. After the war she was awarded the title of Labour Hero.

Comrade Yoo Man Ok is now chairman of the Ogooki-ri co-operative farm in Anak County of South Hwanghai Province, and also a deputy to the Supreme People's Assembly.

APPENDIX

I. RESULTS WON BY THE K.P.A. AND THE C.P.V.S IN THE THREE-YEAR KOREAN WAR

1. Casualties and the captured	1,093,839
Of which:	
U.S. army	397,543
Puppet Syngman Rhee's army	667,293
Others (Britain, Australia, Canada, Turkey, Thailand, the Philippines, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Greece, Colombia, Union of South Africa, New Zealand, Ethiopia and Luxemburg)	29,003
2. Booty	
Aircraft	11
Tanks	374
Motor-cars	9,239
Armoured cars	146
Boats	12
Guns of various calibres	6,321
Small arms of various calibres	119,710
Flame throwers	117
Communication facilities	5,788
Shells	489,260
Bullets	21,245,071
Handgrenades	224,123

Mines	14,449
3. Aircraft shot down	5,729
Aircraft damaged	6,484
4. Combat materiel destroyed or damaged	
Tanks	2,690
Motorcars	4,111
Armoured cars	45
Cranes	5
Guns of various calibres	1,374
5. War vessels sunk	164
War vessels damaged	93
Boats sunk	163
Boats damaged	132

II. THE ENEMY'S MANPOWER AND MATERIEL THROWN INTO THE KOREAN WAR

The U.S. imperialists threw into the Korean War one third of their ground force equipped with the latest technique, one fifth of their air force and the bulk of their navy. The puppet Syngman Rhee's army and armed forces of 15 U.S. satellite countries were also mobilized. Altogether, the enemy put more than 2 million armymen and an enormous amount of war materiel. They spent over 20 billion dollars and wasted more than 73 million tons of war supplies. With all this, however, the U.S. imperialists met with an ignominious defeat at the hands of the Korean people and their armed force — the Korean People's Army — that rose in the righteous war in defence of the freedom and independence of their country, and this for the first time in their war history.